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Reminiscences about

Abraham Lincoln

Newspaper clippings, accounts, and memories of those whose lives included an encounter with the 16th President of the United States

Surnames beginning with

Fa-Fl

From the files of the
Lincoln Financial Foundation Collection

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http://archive.org/details/reminiscencesabofafllinc

Fairhead, Rev. G. B.

Utica, N.Y.- on way to Washington

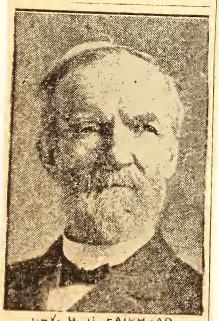
His Regiment was 117th N.Y. Vols. Oneida Co

UTICA DAIL

VETERAN TO TELL OF ABE LINCOLN

Rev. George B. Fairhead Will Appear With Stanley Movie

Rev. George B. Fairhead, 96, a hale and hearty veteran of the Civil War, will appear on the stage of the Stanley Theater at 3:30 Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in "Lincoln."



REV. G. B. FAIRHEAD

As a prologue to the presentation of "Abraham Lincoln," D. W. Griffith's most famous of modern talkies, Rev. Mr. Fairhead will recall for Stanley patrons the days when the "Boys of Blue" poured through the streets of Utica.

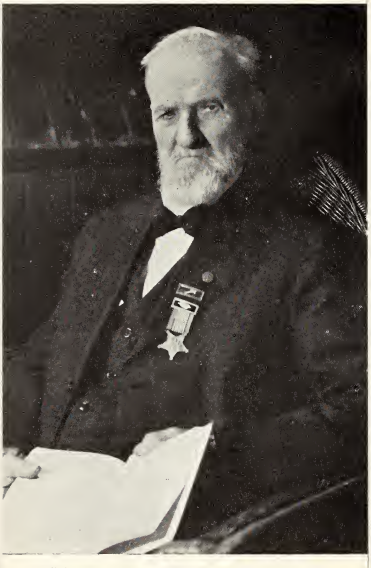
But, what is far more important, he will recall one very famous day in the history of Jagg's Square when a train carrying Lincoln from Springfield to Washington for the inauguration ceremonies stopped long enough for the most famous of presidents to appear before Uticans, on rear of train.

In that crowd was the Rev. George B. Fairhead, a youth of 25, destined soon to join the colors. Months passed and this same youth was in Virginia, marching in Utica ranks. Once again the opportunity came to view and hear the Great Emancipator.

And the Rev. Mr. Fairhead is well able to recall these scenes. Mentally alert, Rev. Mr. Fairhead has long been known as "the only boy" at the Home for Aged Men and Couples. Active in a dozen patriotic organizations, Mr. Fairhead has a mind well fitted for recollections.

The appearance of Mr. Fairhead has been arranged by the Stanley as appropriate in connection with the screen version of "Abraham Lincoln," arranged by Stephen Vincent Benet, author of "John Brown's Body," and is said to be one of the most remarkable pictures of the age. It is presented as a true-to-life, detailed drama of the life of the Emancipator.

BORN JANUARY 8, 1835
in
NORWICH, ENGLAND
Frail Babe - 2½ lbs.



May 14, 1934, in Vital Vigor and
GODLY HOPE aug 3/34
In Prince of Peace!
145 lbs. ! Greetings !
5ft 6

~~Nelson's~~ Tribune Herald Oct 14, 1935

Witnessed Lincoln Assassination

William H. Fallon, of Yanktown, S. D., who was confined to a local hospital last week when he was taken ill while traveling from Chicago to New York, witnessed the sohoting of rPesident Abraham Lincoln, in the Ford Theatre, Washington, D. C., immediately following the Civil War. Mr. Fallon, in his conversation with friends here, told of the incident. Despite the fact that he was only a boy of eight years when it occured, he gave a vivid description of the tragedy.

FARLEY, MRS. B. F. G.

New Salem, Ill.

Lincoln Was Personal Friend of Elsah Woman

Jersey County News 1935

With the passing of time, the roster of those who knew or even saw Abraham Lincoln has become practically extinct. For a number of years, there resided in Elsah a woman who knew Abraham Lincoln intimately when he was conducting the store at Old Salem.

The woman was the late Mrs. B. F. Farley, and on one occasion she related to a representative of the Jersey County News the story of her recollection of Lincoln as she knew him. The story of her memoirs follows:

"I remember Mr. Lincoln," she said "as far back as I remember anyone or anything. He was a great personal friend of my father, Henry McHenry. At that time we were living equally distant from Old Salem and Petersburg. Mr. Lincoln was just like a son to my father. Every child in our family was fondled by the great man who was ever a lover of children in general.

"Mr. Lincoln used to come to our home and remain for a week at a time. He and father hunted quail together, and I can remember very distinctly how they used to return with large numbers of the birds.

"My mother used to spin the cloth from which Lincoln's clothing was made while he lived in Old Salem. When he lived in that town, he stayed at the home of my aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Green, and my Aunt Nansy often times helped mother to make the clothing. I remember among my first recollections of Mr. Lincoln of his being at our cabin. The country was a wilderness in those days, and there were Indians and wild animals about. My mother had a particularly fine piece of cloth on the loom. Mr. Lincoln, when he came in, addressed her: 'Mrs. Mac, that's an unusually fine piece of cloth. I believe that would make a mighty fine suit of clothes.' Mother informed him that he should have a suit of clothes from the cloth in question, and she and Aunt Nancy Green made the suit for him.

"I used to go to Old Salem to visit my aunt, Nancy Green, and, while there, I would go to Lincoln's store

(Continued on page Six)

and play among the boxes and barrels there. He was keeping the postoffice at that place and put in the groceries to help pay expenses. He was reading law at the time. You see my father was clerk of Minard county, which, at that time, included the present counties of Menard and Cass. Circuit Court was held in what is now Cass county. My father's attachment to the court was probably one of the bonds that held Mr. Lincoln to him. The latter often borrowed law books of my father and the school master, Mentor Graham. Mr. Lincoln was a great Bible student, and he and father used to study and discuss that book together. Some folks may claim that Lincoln was not a Christian because he was not affiliated with any church, but I know better. I recall an expression he made in our home. He said: 'I trust in God always.' Lincoln, to my personal knowledge, prayed daily. I believe there was never a better Christian man. I remember an Old Style Presbyterian preacher once held a service in our home, and he made the remark in his sermon that there were infants in hell no longer than a span in length. That provoked a discussion, and father and Mr. Lincoln took exception to the statement and so argued against it.

"You asked me to tell something about Lincoln and Ann Rutlege. I was a very small child at that time, and my recollection is based mostly

upon the story told by my father and my aunt Nancy Green. The latter, in whose home Lincoln lived at the time, told me that the evening following the burial of Lincoln's sweetheart that a great storm was raging. Mr. Lincoln came home and walked about the room with his hands clasped to his forehead. 'I cannot stand it,' he told Mrs. Green. 'The thoughts of her out there in the cold ground. My soul is buried in that grave.'

"'Come, Abe,' said aunt Nancy. 'You must stop this. It will never do.'

"Lincoln refused to be comforted and became ill of brain fever. For many weeks my aunt Nancy nursed him until he regained his health. But he was never the same man after that. The event left a trace of sorrow upon his rugged features that time never removed.

"As to Mr. Lincoln's physique, I remember him as a very rugged man. On one occasion father decided that the community must have a school. He got on one of the horses and rode over the district. There were only three people in the country who wanted a school. Father then stated that he would have a school if he had to hire the teacher and board him himself. He started the three men who were working for us to hewing timbers for the school building. When the logs were ready a big log raising was held and the timbers were placed in position. When the walls had reached a height where it was difficult for an ordinary man to reach, a big top log was being placed in position. One end had been placed, but the other men could not reach high enough to place the big timber into the grove on the other end. Someone called jokingly to Mr. Lincoln: 'Come here, Abe, and place this log in position.' Mr. Lincoln stepped forward and lifted the big timber from the other men into its grove to the astonishment of all present. Lincoln was a great wrestler but was careful not to injure an antagonist. My uncle John Armstrong once challenged Lincoln, but the latter informed him that he had no desire to injure him. Lincoln could have doubled uncle John up as easily as to close a jacknife.

"During the Civil War when Lincoln was president, my husband, Dr. Farley, was home on a brief furlough. We were living at Athens, Ill., at the time. John Dugan had been drafted into the army, and his wife and nine children and mother were left to the charitable inclination of the community. They were all ill at the time. Dr. Farley was home, and he attended them. When the Doctor noted the condition of affairs, he wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln. He got my father to sign the letter also. A reply was received in a short time from Mr. Lincoln stating that he would consider the case immediately. It was not long until John Dugan came home to his sick children to stay. That, I think, shows what a great heart Lincoln had.

"The last time Mr. Lincoln visited us was at our farm near Plainview just above Petersburg. Lincoln and his law partner, Wm. Herndon, came and stayed for a week. I was much older then, and I can remember distinctly his powerful physique, his kindly manner and very active brain. He loved and was interested in everything that grew on a farm. He was a man of nature and great nature certainly made him a man. The last time I saw him was in Springfield where I went with father.

"I attended the rallies at the State Capitol when he was running for President and remember the great shock that came into the hearts of all of us when we learned that he had been assassinated. Long before Lincoln became President, father always told us children that Lincoln was the coming man, and later that he felt certain that he was a man raised up of God to meet a great emergency on behalf of the people."

RELATES LINCOLN STORY.

Ill St Journal 2-13-15

Mrs. Elizabeth Farley Tells Incidents In Lincoln's Boyhood.

There was present at the Lincoln banquet one guest who recalled vividly many anecdotes in connection with Lincoln. She was Mrs. Elizabeth Farley of Elsah, who came as a guest of the Springfield Commercial association. Mrs. Farley had this to say of Lincoln:

"All the members of our family look upon Mr. Lincoln—'Uncle Abe'—as we knew him, as one of the greatest men ever born.

"Mr. Lincoln was a frequent visitor at her home and all the members of our family were on terms of intimacy with him. He was always especially kind to us, and spent many hours playing with us and endeavoring to amuse us.

"We resided at Old Salem near Petersburg at the time, and one of our greatest joys was a small deer which we children had for a pet. We had trained it to lie down and then would run and jump over it, but on one occasion when 'Uncle Abe' was playing in the yard with us, with a running start, he leaped over the deer, not lying down, but standing at its full height. He then asked me why I did not do the same, and after stopping to thing a minute, I told him 'I have not got as long limbs as you have, and I can't do it.' This amused Mr. Lincoln, and on many occasions he related the story with great glee.

"A favorite game of ours was playing hide and seek, and on many occasions I would hide under the big four-posted bed in my parents' room, and Mr. Lincoln would always take great delight in stretching out at full length on the floor and pulling me from under the bed."

Farley, Mrs. Elizabeth

Woman Who Played With Lincoln As a Child Will Tell Anecdotes of His Life at the Banquet Tonight

Springfield Ill. Illinois Journal 2-12-1935

A feature of the program of addresses to be given at the Lincoln banquet at the state arsenal tonight will be the talk of Mrs. Elizabeth Farley, aged 77 years, of Elsah, Ill., who will tell many of the interesting traits of Lincoln, gained from personal acquaintance.

"I am certainly glad that I will have the opportunity of being present at the celebration tonight, and consider myself highly honored because of the invitation," Mrs. Farley said this afternoon, at her room in the Illinois hotel. "All the members of our family look upon Mr. Lincoln—'Uncle Abe'—as we knew him, as one of the greatest men ever born.

"Mr. Lincoln was a frequent visitor at her home and all the members of our family were on terms of intimacy with him. He was always especially kind to us, and spent many hours playing with us and endeavoring to amuse us.

"We resided at Old Salem near Petersburg at the time, and one of our greatest joys was a small deer which we children had for a pet. We had trained it to lie down and then would run and jump over it, but on one occasion when 'Uncle Abe' was playing in the yard with us, with a running start, he leaped over the deer, not lying down, but standing at its full height. He then asked me why I did not do the same, and after stopping to think a minute, I told him 'I have not got as long limbs as you have, and I can't do it.' This amused Mr. Lincoln, and on many occasions he related the story with great glee.

"A favorite game of ours was playing hide and seek, and on many occasions I would hide under the big four-posted bed in my parents' room, and Mr. Lincoln would always take great delight in stretching out at full length on the floor and pulling me from under the bed."

Mrs. Farley came to Springfield today as the guest of the Springfield Commercial association and this afternoon was taken about the city on a sightseeing trip. This evening she will occupy a chair in the box of Governor Dunne at the arsenal.

EYEWITNESS TELLS OF LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

The Sunday Star Wash. D.C. Feb. 6-1921

BY A. B. FARQUHAR.

NOT many are left who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln. I have consented to write an account of an event, as I saw it, which is of peculiar interest to all Americans—the delivery of the Gettysburg address.

From earliest boyhood a hero worshiper, inclined always to let my imagination play about the persons and doings of men of accomplishment and power, Lincoln interested me intensely from the very moment of his first appearance upon the stage of national affairs. With the Lincoln-Douglas debates in Illinois we were made familiar through the reports in the public press, and though the logical force of Lincoln's arguments was most impressive, we were hardly prepared to recognize in him a possible future President of the United States. Upon his nomination and subsequent election my imagination fired me with the determination to know more of this man, who had apparently made so much out of the scanty opportunities which had been his. I was, of course, on hand in Washington to hear his first inaugural address, it being the first time I had ever seen him.

Then came the war, which added a new interest to the man upon whom devolved the tremendous responsibilities of guiding and preserving the Union. I read everything about the President that was published, saw him once or twice, but really did not come to know him until shortly after the battle of Gettysburg, when I had occasion to go to Washington to seek an interview, was kindly listened to, given some good advice and returned more than ever a Lincoln admirer.

* * * *

NATURALLY, when the first intimation was given by the papers that the President would go to Gettysburg to take part in the dedication ceremonies of the new national cemetery which had been established there in commemoration of the great battle (in which I myself had taken part, in helping to care for the wounded), it did not take me long to decide that I would be present. Arrangements were made in advance for the hire of a two-seated vehicle and at 4 o'clock on the morning of November 19, 1863, accompanied by my two brothers-in-law, I started for Gettysburg over the same road that is now known as the Lincoln highway. It was a mere dirt road, very rough, a goodly portion not macadamized at all, very different from the fine driveway it is now, and, while it took careful driving to prevent an upset, we were in no danger in those days from speeding automobiles. As it was, we came near upsetting several times in the darkness of that early November morning.

Reaching Gettysburg at about 7:30, we found the town already astir with residents and with visitors who had come on the same errand that brought us there. We put up the horses at a stable, got our breakfast, and prepared to find as favorable a place as we could to see the procession and hear the addresses. The presidential party had arrived the night before, the President's special train having left Washington at noon of Wednesday, the 18th. Three members of the cabinet—Mr. Seward, Secretary of State; Mr. Usher, Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Blair, Postmaster General—accompanied the President, as did the French minister, M. Mercier; the Italian minister, M. Bertinatti, and several legation secretaries and attaches. Mr. Lincoln also had with him his private secretaries, Mr. Nicolay and Maj. John Hay. Capt. H. A. Wise of the Navy and Mrs. Wise (who was the daughter of Edward Everett) were of the party, as also were a number of newspaper correspondents and a military guard of honor to take part in the Gettysburg procession.

The President stopped at the house of David Wills, a lawyer, who had been largely instrumental in the creation of a national cemetery on the battlefield. It was upon the invitation of Mr. Wills that the President had come. His letter of invitation read, in part:

"I am authorized by the governors of the different states to invite you to be present and to participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is desired that after the oration (which was to be delivered by Edward Everett) you, as chief executive of the nation, formally set apart these grounds to their sacred use by a few appropriate remarks."

* * * *

OF THE writing of this address there are various accounts. The story that the President jotted down the speech on the back of an old envelope on the train to Gettysburg seems to have little basis in fact, although it is quite probable he pondered over it on the journey. It seems to be fairly well established that President Lincoln gave considerable thought to the preparation of the "appropriate remarks" which he had been asked to make. Mr. Nicolay states that on the morning of the 19th, after the breakfast hour, he went up to the room which Mr. Lincoln occupied in the house of Mr. Wills to report for duty, and remained with the President while he finished writing the Gettysburg address, during the short leisure he could utilize for the purpose before being called to take his place in the procession, which was announced on the program to start at 10 o'clock.

After having breakfasted and talked with acquaintances and friends whom we met, I walked around to the house of Mr. Wills in order to see the President come forth. As he came out I spoke to him; he recognized me and shook me by the hand before he mounted his horse to join the procession.

We then hastened up to the cemetery in order to obtain a favorable position close to the speakers, and I was fortunate in getting a place right at the edge of the speakers' stand. The cemetery then was just a bare hillside with but few trees on it, and at that time very few monuments of any kind had been erected, but the graves of the soldiers had been marked with the names as far as they could be known. The majority were unknown, of course, and a good many of the soldiers were yet buried on the field where they had fallen.

It was about 11 o'clock when the presidential party reached the platform, but Mr. Everett, the orator of the day, was fully half an hour late, and it was nearly noon before he began his address. Mr. Everett had an engaging personality, an intellectual and refined face and an attractive appearance, and his address, which he partly read from the manuscript which he held in his hand, was eloquent, but it was too long—probably an hour and a half in length.

The art of oratory was much more extensively practiced then than it is in this day, and Mr. Everett was one of the foremost orators of the time, but the audience was weary before he had finished. I was anxious for him to conclude in order that we might hear the President. I observed Mr. Lincoln closely. He listened attentively to Mr. Everett's speech, but it appeared to me that it began to weary him, and his face assumed an expression of care and sadness, his mind evidently being preoccupied with anxious thoughts.

* * * *

A SMALL rustic platform had been erected for the speakers, the site of which is now occupied by the monument upon which are engraved the immortal words which were there spoken. At the conclusion of Everett's address the President slowly rose, stepped forward, and in a strong voice, occasionally glancing at a paper which he held in his hand, spoke the following words:

"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here. It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

These, as I remember them—and I have always had an exceedingly good word memory—were the exact words used by Lincoln, though the newspaper reports varied slightly from the text as here given. [The version revised by Lincoln himself also varies from this of Mr. Farquhar's.]

* * * *

THERE was some applause during the delivery of the address, but less at its conclusion than one would have expected. I can only speak for myself when I say that I was too deeply impressed—as though I had listened to a great sermon—to join in the applause. I fancy many felt the same way. One had the feeling that it was, in fact, a solemn dedication to the unfinished work which would lead whither the the mtmey the that though the way might be long and hard, yet, under the inspired leadership of Abraham Lincoln, there could be but one outcome, the successful conclusion of the war and a reunited nation.

The President's countenance, which had become animated during the delivery of the address, resumed its look of sadness, as though he were disappointed at the reception of his words. It is undoubtedly true that his hearers did not appreciate it until they had a chance to read the address and ponder its meaning.

A newspaper in the neighboring city of Harrisburg failed to publish the President's address, remarking that he had not risen to the occasion, had made a few rambling remarks—and even the New York Tribune, either through accident or design, omitted it from its account of the dedication. Mr. Greeley, whom I afterward met at an agricultural fair at Elkton, Md., and to whom I showed the Westminster Review article, nodded his head and admitted that the Tribune had not grasped the significance of the speech.

(Copyright, 1921.)

Story of Kiss From Lincoln Told on Air by Mrs. Fassett

The South Bend Tribune
2/10/37

White House

Funeral - Washington

Mrs. C. N. Fassett, resident of the Morningside, for many years living in South Bend, may be the only living person in the city who met Abraham Lincoln. If not she certainly is the only resident of the city who sat on the great Lincoln's lap and was kissed by him. Mrs. Fassett told the story Friday evening over WFAM, The Tribune's broadcasting station, in a delightfully charming way, going on the air at 6:50 o'clock.

"I have a very vivid recollection of two occasions; one while Lincoln was alive and again when he lay in state after the assassination" said Mrs. Fassett. "My father was Rev. John Thrush, a Methodist minister attached to the Baltimore, Md., conference. At just about the time the war broke out he was transferred from Annapolis, Md., to the pastorate of a church on Massachusetts avenue, in Washington, D. C. I understand that the old church building, with its red stone parsonage is still in use.

Has Rebel Congregation.

"My father was a man of strong union sentiments and of intense feelings. His new congregation was almost solidly southern in sympathy. Washington city was of course all aglow with military activities and my father found it increasingly difficult to minister with true Christian charity to his rebel congregation. Especially was this true after he had spent two nights and a day in hastily constructed defense works to ward off a threatened rebel attack on the capital.

As the war progressed a military hospital was built in Georgetown and my father was being considered as chaplain of that hospital. Doubtless he was anxious to be relieved of his unpleasant charge on Massachusetts avenue. Of course, it is all vague in my recollection as it was then vague in my understanding, for I was not much past five years of age.

"One day father was to go to the white house to see the president and took me along. We were admitted, doubtless by appointment, and were shown into a room where the president sat alone. It was the first and last time that my eyes rested upon the face and form of Lincoln while he was still living.

Lincoln Kisses Her Cheek.

"As to his appearance it is difficult to say with certainty. The surroundings were strange to me and naturally my child mind did not contemplate his countenance with a view of carrying away a long time memory of how he looked. I have, moreover, since then all through life seen many, many different likenesses of Lincoln and it would, of course, be impossible to separate the eye image of that day from the multitude of pictures I have seen since then. But ever since I have felt I recognized in the conventional pictures of Lincoln the actual Lincoln that I saw in my childhood.

"As to his manner perhaps the tradition of his quiet, gentle ways may have shaped my memory of him as he then appeared. What I recall best of all is that he paid some attention to me. Whether at the beginning of the conference or at the close I can not recall but father presented me, as it were, while Lincoln sat at his desk facing us. Lincoln thereupon lifted me to his knee and—must I tell it?—kissed me on the cheek.

Envied by Playmates.

"This special attention from so great a man was for a long time kept a secret within the bosom of our own family. There were nine of us children. Secrets have a way of leaking out, especially when there are as many as nine avenues of escape, so I became quite the envy of all my little playmates of Yankee sympathies. I don't know what the little Washington-ian rebels said about it, for we didn't associate with them, not in those days. Well, anyway, father got his appointment as chaplain and we moved out of the red stone parsonage on Massachusetts avenue and took a house over in Georgetown near to the hospital.

"After the war father was transferred to the Northern Indiana conference and we came out west to Lafayette, Ind., and later to Laporte and to South Bend. Here I met Mr. Fassett. After our family moved back east I soon returned to South Bend and have lived here ever since.

Sword Cuts Dress Loose.

"The scene in the Rotunda of the capitol after the assassination is all very clear to me. I was perhaps near two years older then. It was, in the spring of 1865. I never have been able to figure out how it happened that I got to go that day. My cousin, a young lady, lived in our home, as if nine children were not a houseful. She and I joined the vast throng that slowly filed its way past the president's bier. A drizzly April rain was falling and most of the people in line held open umbrellas over them, letting the drippings fall on the other folks.

"It was so long before our section of the line got into the capitol and then we moved at snail's pace toward the casket. There were several guards in showy uniforms with much gold braid. When I finally reached the coveted spot I was to short to see the president's face and one of those guards lifted me up.

"When he went to let me down, a trimming on my hoop skirt, it was my best dress, a red one that I remember with pride to this day, got entangled in some projecting part of the support of the casket. There I hung and the projecting part of the suppoft of the cession was halted until the guard, with his good, sharp sword, cut the trimming and released me from my awkard predicament. The experiences of that day have always been and will always remain a vivid memory."

Fassett, Mrs. C. N.

"SHE REMEMBERS LINCOLN"

(A radio interview over "WSBT", February 12, 1937, with Mrs. C.N.Fassett, of Morningside Apartments, South Bend, Indiana.)

(QUESTION): Mrs. Fassett, I understand that you recall having seen Abraham Lincoln.

(MRS.FASSETT): Yes, I have a very clear recollection of two such occasions; - one while Lincoln was alive, and the other when he lay in state in the Rutunda of the Capitol at Washington, after the assassination.

(QUESTION): Well, Mrs. Fassett, will you tell us about the first time you saw Lincoln?

(MRS.FASSETT): Yes, but perhaps I should first give the setting. My father, Rev. John Thrush, was a Methodist minister. At just about the time the Civil War broke out he was transferred from a pastorate in Annapolis, Md., to a church on Massachusetts Avenue, in Washington, D.C. And, by the way, I am told that the old church building with its red-stone parsonage is still in use.

My father was a strong Union man, and a man of intense feelings. His new congregation was almost solidly Southern in sympathy. Washington City was of course all aglow with military interest and activities, and my father found it increasingly difficult to minister with Christian charity to his "rebel" congregation.

Especially was this true after father had responded to Lincoln's hurried call for the loyal citizens of Washington to man the defenseworks of the city against a threatened "rebel raid", and had spent two night and a day away from home, oblivious to his duties to his congregation.

As the War progressed, a military hospital was established at Georgetown, and my father was being considered for the position of Chaplain of that hospital; and I think he must have been anxious to be relieved from his unpleasant charge on Massachusetts Avenue.

Of course it is all vague in my recollection, as it was then vague in my understanding, but I think it must have been something about this prospective appointment as Chaplain that took father to the White House one day, and I was permitted to go with him. I can not fix the exact date, but I must have been well along in my fifth year.

We were admitted at the White House, - doubtless by appointment,- and were shown into a room where Lincoln sat alone at a desk.

(QUESTION): Mrs. Fassett, do you recall anything definite about his appearance or manner?

(MRS.FASSETT): As to his appearance, that is difficult to say with certainty. The surroundings were strange to me, and naturally my child-mind did not contemplate his countenance with a view of carrying away a long-time memory of how he looked; moreover, I have since then, all through life, seen many, many likenesses of Lincoln, and

and it would of course be impossible to separate the eye-image of that day from the multitude of pictures of Lincoln which I have since seen. But nevertheless, all through life, I have felt that I recognized in the conventional pictures of Lincoln the actual Lincoln that I saw in my childhood.

And as to his manner, perhaps the tradition of his his quiet, gentle ways may have shaped my memory of him as he then appeared.

(QUESTION): Mrs. Fassett, did Lincoln pay any attention to you, or did he address himself wholly to your father and to the subject-matter of the conference?

(MRS. FASSETT): O, that's what I recall best of all. Whether it was at the beginning of the conference, or at the close, I can not recall, but father presented me, as it were, while Lincoln was seated at his desk, facing us, and thereupon Lincoln lifted me to his knee, and - must I tell it? - kissed me on the cheek. I do not recall just what was said, and, so far as I know, father, - now long since gone - never made any record of that conversation.

This very special attention to me from so great a man, was, for a long time, kept a secret within the bosom of our own family, - there were nine of us children,- but secrets have a way of leaking out when there are, say, nine avenues of escape. So I became quite the envy of all my little playmates of Union sympathies. I don't know what the little Washingtonian "rebels" thought about it, for we didn't associate with them, - no, not in those days.

Well, anyway, father got his appointment as Chaplain, and we all moved away from the red-stone parsonage on Massachusetts avenue to a new home in Georgetown, near the hospital.

After the War was over, father was transferred from the Baltimore Conference to the Northern Indiana Conference, and we moved West to Lafayette, Indiana, and later to La Porte and to South Bend. There I met Mr. Fassett, and after our family moved back East, it wasn't long till I came back to South Bend where I have lived ever since.

(QUESTION): And, Mrs. Fassett, what of your memory of the scene in the rotunda of the Capitol after the assassination?

(MRS. FASSETT): That is even more clear to me; I was a year or two older then. My cousin, a young lady, was then living in our home, - as if nine children were not a house-full! It was of course in mid-April, 1865. I never have been able to figure out how it happened that just my cousin and I of all our household went to join the great throng that slowly weaved it way past the President's bier. A drizzly April rain was falling, and most of the people in line held up open umbrellas, and let the drippings fall on the other folks. It was O, so long before our section of the line got inside of the Capitol building, and then again we moved at a snail's pace toward the spot where the President's body lay. There were several guards, in showy uniforms and lots of gold braid, around the casket. I was too short to be able to see the face of the President, and one of the guards

lifted me up; and then, as he was letting me down, a trimming on the hoop-skirt of my very best dress, - a red dress which I remember with pride to this day,- got entangled in some projecting part of the support of the casket, and the whole procession was halted while the guard vainly tried to untether me. He finally had to cut the trimming with his good, sharp sword, to release me from the awkward predicament. My experiences of that day have always been, and will always remain, a vivid memory.

Fenton, Elbridge G. Bodyguard

Lincoln Bodyguard Dies at Home Here

Elbridge G. Fenton died at 95 Saturday of old age and the heat at the home of his niece, Mrs. H. W. Ward, 115 North Forty-third street. A veteran of the civil war, Mr. Fenton, according to his niece, had served as a bodyguard for Abraham Lincoln while his regiment was stationed at Washington when it was threatened by the confederate army.

Mr. Fenton had lived in Omaha since 1926. He spent most of his life at North Collins, N. Y. He had never married.

He served during the entire civil war, responding to Lincoln's first call for volunteers.

That Night in Ford's Theatre, As Recalled by W. J. Ferguson

The proximity of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln has caused a strong patriotic tide to surge in the breast of W. J. Ferguson, one of the oldest actors known to Broadway. Mr. Ferguson states that he is the only living spectator of the shooting of President Lincoln at Ford's Theatre, Washington, on the night of April 14, 1865. In that capacity he emphatically begs to differ with D. W. Griffith, producer of "The Birth of a Nation."

The basis of the argument is Mr. Griffith's claim that his version of the assassination is exact and accurate to the minutest detail, and that the stage has been reproduced board for board. The claim appeared to amuse Mr. Ferguson considerably.

"A re-maker of history," he scoffed, meaning none other than the celebrated filmist, Mr. Griffith.

Ferguson, now one of the bloody pirates in "Treasure Island," was a lad in his teens at the time, employed about the theatre as a callboy, with occasional parts in shouting scenes, now and then a dog bark and no end of tasks in the "props" line.

On the night in question, as everybody knows, Laura Keene, supported by John Dyott and Harry Hawk, appeared in "Our American Cousin," the play which E. H. Sothern revived recently as "Lord Dundreary." Cortland V. Hess, who had the part of Lieutenant Vernon, was taken sick, and Mr. Ferguson understudied.

The President occupied a right-hand box, and was so seated behind a portiere as to be invisible to the audience. Only the actors on the stage could see him. The box was twelve feet above the stage, and built over it, not over the orchestra pit.

The setting for Act II, Scene 2, had just been arranged. Mr. Ferguson was standing with Miss Keene in the left entrance to the stage. Both were looking up at the President's party, all of whom were in plain sight to them, when a muffled report sounded.

"Hang it!" cried Ferguson. "There goes that cabinet top falling again!"

But just at that moment he saw Lincoln's head sag over on his chest. A man appeared from the back of the box and vaulted the railing. As he did so Major Rathbun, who was the President's guest, seized his coattails. The man made a slash at the major's hands, freeing himself, but the spur on his boot caught in the bunting which decked the box, and he landed out of position, fracturing his ankle.

He half ran, half limped, across the stage. He passed between Ferguson and Miss Keene, who were standing too awestruck to move, to the back door. There his little yellow mare was waiting for him, and he mounted and was gone.

"It all happened so suddenly that no one thought of making an outcry," said Ferguson. "As soon as the murderer landed on the stage I recognized him as Booth, who was well known to all of us in the theatre. He never cried 'Sic semper tyrannis!' and he never brandished a knife, as the school histories say. He just rushed out the back way, fast as his damaged foot would allow him.

"When the audience had been cleared from the theatre Mr. Lincoln's body was carried across the street, and I rang down the curtain in Ford's Theatre for the last time. That night the soldiers took possession."

With regard to the alleged errors in the Griffith production Mr. Ferguson had this to say:

"The curtain was down at the time of the shot, so none of the actors on the stage could see it. Because of the portiere on the President's box, behind which he always sat, no one in the audience could see him. Miss Keene and I were absolutely the only ones who had him in their range of vision at the time of the deed. Yet in the film version Lincoln is in plain view of every one. Also, the film shows a guard at the door of the President's box. There was none. Further, it shows Booth climbing a direct stairway to the box. As a matter of fact, the only way to get to his box was by way of the balcony, as I have said. Just think what a dramatic picture they could have made, with Booth sneaking along the wall in plain sight of every one in the balcony!"

HE SAW LINCOLN SHOT.

Ferguson as a "Treasure Island" Pirate.

FERGUSON, WM. J.

Actor Who Saw Lincoln Shot Says Legends Hide the Truth

W. J. Ferguson, in Cast at Ford's Theatre April 14, 1865, Asserts None on Stage Tried to Capture Booth—Vividly Describes Tragedy

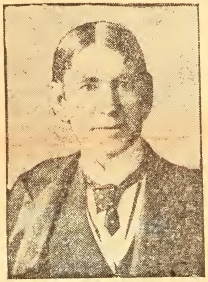
By a Staff Correspondent

Baltimore, Feb. 12.—Lies and legends have all but hidden the truth in the many stories of the assassination of President Lincoln, according to William J. Ferguson, sole surviving member of the cast of "Our American Cousin," which held the boards at Ford's Theatre in Washington on the evening of April 14, 1865.

Old, indeed, is the veteran actor, come now to the quiet and unpretentious home of relatives on the outskirts of Baltimore to round out the life he began here more than eighty years ago, but age has not dimmed his memories of the stage, upon which sixty years of his life were spent.

And particularly vivid is the memory of the evening when, from the wings of Ford's Theatre, he watched the renegade actor, Booth, end the life of the great emancipator.

A little feeble is Mr. Ferguson, from a lame hip which was fractured more than a year ago when he was playing in the movies in Hollywood, and his heavy gray hair falls over a forehead deep marked with wrinkles. But all the fire of the Shakespearean actor is in the faded blue eyes, all the vigor of th trained Thespian in the full, deep voice as he recounts the tale he has told ten thousand times.



WILLIAM J. FERGUSON

Startled by Shot

"I was peering out at the Presidential party as it entered the curtained box, listening to the ripple of applause as Mr. Lincoln drew aside the draperies and bowed to the audience. It was more than a ripple, for he had many enemies in Washington.

"The play went on. I was standing with Miss Laura Keene in the first entrance, left, when the shot was fired. Mr. Lincoln was visible only to us on the stage and to those in the box with him.

"I started at the shot, not realizing what it was. I saw Mr. Lincoln lean gently back in his rocking chair, so that his head came to rest against the wall. He did not move again.

"I saw Mrs. Lincoln rise. All this in a moment, of course. Immediately after the shot Booth, with a knife in his left hand, sprang through the box and leaped over the railing down to the apron of the stage below.

"He had fired his pistol when not more than five feet from the President. And as he mounted the railing Major H. R. Rathbone seized his coat. Booth slashed at him with the knife, cutting the Major's wrist and forcing him to let go his hold.

"As Booth leaped one of his spurs caught in the folds of the flag draped over the railing and he fell on his left knee as he alighted on the stage. But almost without a pause he recovered himself and arose, in spite of the compound fracture of the nakle which, it was later discovered, he had suffered.

Booth Rushed Across Stage

"Apparently unhurt, and walking with great strides, he rushed across the stage to the first entrance, where Miss Keene and I were standing, and without the least hesitation ran between us, passing so close to me that I felt his breath on my face.

"I followed him for a few steps; saw him jerk the reins from the hands of the boy who was holding his yellow mare, kick the lad and spring to the saddle. I heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs on the cobble stones. Then he was gone.

"There is a myth prevalent that Booth stopped in the center of the stage to brandish his dagger and shout, 'Sic Semper Tyrannis.' He did not. Major Rathbone testified later that he fiercely spoke these words while still in the box, but he certainly did not say them on the stage. Nor did he pause at all, once he had arisen to his feet.

"Equally false is the story that the leader of the orchestra, William Withers, jr., engaged him in a hand to hand fight in the wings. He brushed past Withers as he ran, and the point of his knife ripped a small hole in the musician's coat, but there was no struggle.

No Attempt to Capture Him

"There was no valorous attempt to capture Booth. In the first place, there was no time. Even if we had grasped the full import of what had happened, I doubt if either Withers, who was not an exceptionally strong man, or myself, who was nothing but a boy, could have stopped him. He was a strong and determined man.

"The only other member of the cast who saw Booth leap to the stage was Harry Hawks, and he fled through the center door in great fright when Booth appeared at the box railing. The two had in the past disagreed almost violently over the Civil War, and Hawks evidently thought Booth was coming after him.

"Another myth is the old story that Booth, in escaping, threw a lever which controlled the gas lights and plunged the theatre in darkness. There was no such lever.

Silent Toast Explained

"And the yarn about the silent toast which Booth and some fellow conspirators drank in a nearby saloon that afternoon seems to have had as foundation only the fact that Booth took a glass of ale with a few of us after the rehearsal.

"All myths, born of minds which must embellish great calamities with a great wealth of spectacular detail."

So goes the story as Mr. Ferguson, the only living person who saw what happened in the Presidential box immediately after the fatal shot was fired, tells it; the story whose telling is his chief bid for fame, now that his days before the footlights are gone; the story that may be his lasting fame, to live when it is long since forgotten that he in his own right was an actor who stood high in his profession, and when the calm routine of his present life, broken now only by quarterly visits to the Lambs Club for the purpose of talking over old times, elapses into eternity.

FERGUSON, W. J.

WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT

THE KILLING OF PRES. M'KINLEY RECALLS ANOTHER NATIONAL CALAMITY.

AN ACTOR IN TROY SAW TRAGEDY

W. J. Ferguson, an Eye Witness Was at the Griswold a Few Days Ago—Lincoln's Death.

Troy, Nov. 23.—W. J. Ferguson, the comedian who made so many Trojans laugh as "James" in the "Brixton Burglary" at Griswold Opera house early this week was an eye witness of the assassination of President Lincoln and the great national calamity which transpired when Pres. McKinley fell naturally brings the old Lincoln episode back to him. He talked to a reporter about it the other evening. At the time of the shooting of Lincoln he was callboy of Ford's Theatre, in which the deed was done, with little hope that he would ever occupy the place he now holds upon the American stage, and on the night of the murder was much occupied in struggling with a part in which he had been cast through an emergency. The assassin passed directly in front of him as he left the stage. Mr. Ferguson rang down the curtain of Ford's Theatre for the last time half an hour after the affair and he was in the Peterson house, across the street from the theatre, when the President died.

"In the play, 'Our American Cousin,'" said Mr. Ferguson, "Laura Keene was starring. It had been a great success in New York, with the elder Sothern as Lord Dundreary, and Joseph Jefferson as Asa Trenchard, and this was its first performance in Washington.

"Laura Keene filled the part which she had created, while the others were cast from the Ford's Theatre stock company. I should not have had a part at all, but the walking gentleman of the company was taken ill suddenly, and as the cast was so large as to use up all the resources of the organization, I had to play Lieutenant Harry Vernon, with not more than two days to get up in it. I was acting as a callboy at the same time. Those were the old stock days when the greenroom and the callboy were institutions in every theatre.

"Laura Keene did not like the makeshift, and she refused to go on with me unless she could rehearse the lines beforehand, so it happened that at about 9:15 we were going over the second scene of the second act, and we were due

ON THE STAGE

in about five minutes. We were standing at the prompter's place, which was my station as callboy. It was on the right, and the President's box was on the left, so that we had a good view of his party as they sat there. The first scene of the second act was set in one, that is, as the front of the stage, the ground drop all ready behind and the actors who had the closing lines of the scene had just left the stage. It was empty.

"Suddenly we heard a bang. I thought at once that a secretary in which we kept all the parts for the plays presented at the theatre had fallen over, and it flashed over me that I would have some hours' work the next day sorting them out again, a duty which would fall to me as callboy. Then we realized that a man had fallen from the President's box to the stage, and an instant later he had dashed across the stage, passed directly between Miss Keene and myself, turned the corner by the gas stand, running to the back of the stage and left the theatre. As he rushed by us we recognized him. Wilkes Booth was well known by everybody in the company, but we did not understand what he had done for a minute or two. Then we looked over to the box and saw the President sinking in his chair with his eyes closed and his head on his breast. We learned afterward that Booth had caught his foot in a flag which was draped upon the box, and that when he fell he fractured his ankle. As I remember it he struck the stage with one knee and one hand on the floor. One of his spurs made a semi-circular mark on the planking. For some little time, as it seemed then, the house was perfectly silent. There was no sound after the shot, except the noise which Booth made as he landed on the stage and ran out. He did not say a word. That 'Sic semper tyrannis' was fixed up afterward by a clever newspaper man. After

HE HAD LEFT

the house was quiet for a minute or two, almost. Then you could hear the men in the audience saying: 'What was it?' What has happened?' Who was it?' 'Wasn't that Wilkes Booth?' 'No, was it?' 'Yes, that was he.' All at once came the realization, as they looked at the President, and there was a mad rush of men to the stage, all anxious to pursue the murderer. They clambered up over the chairs of the musicians, who had disappeared, and ran about looking for their man. All was confusion, but there was no panic.

"Soon the President was moved from the theatre and taken to the Peterson house, and at last the crowd had dispersed. It was half an hour after the firing that the prompter told me to ring down the curtain, and I did it. It was for the last time in that house.

"Booth's arrangements had been very simple. He had his horse tied outside the little door at the back of the stage. No one saw anything strange in that, for the reason that his horse had been kept in a stable in the alley for two years or more. By the time the people realized what had happened he was well on his way. He had his route all mapped out. When I left the theatre, I went over to the Peterson house. I knew the people there well, because some of the company had lived there and I had had to carry them their parts. I was in a lower room of the house when the President died." Mr. Ferguson is one of six survivors of the old Ford theatre company that witnessed the shooting of Pres. Lincoln.

Ferguson, W. J.

SAW LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION

W. J. Ferguson Now Only Survivor of Miss Keene's Company.

IS NOW WITH D. W. GRIFFITH

Veteran Actor With the Man Who Produced The Birth of a Nation.

The realistic reproduction of the assassination of President Lincoln by D. W. Griffith in his pictorial masterpiece, The Birth of a Nation, recalls the fact that the play so prominently identified with the history of this country was the piece at which the Great Emancipator was looking on the night of the tragedy—Our American Cousin, and this was the play that later in the century, under the title of Lord Dundreary, was so notably connected with the career of the elder Sothern.

On the night of the assassination Miss Keene who, by the way, was the first actress in this country to manage her own company, was making the final appearance of her all-season stock engagement in Washington. John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, though a member of Miss Keene's organization, was not in the cast of Our American Cousin, which, doubtless, made possible the opportunity for his act.

Booth is dead, shot in a barn, so history says, by one of the soldiers who pursued him, and so, with the exception of W. J. Ferguson, is every other member of Miss Keene's company. Mr. Ferguson, one of the best known of the oldtime actors, was on the vaudeville stage last season. He is now in Los Angeles connected with the studio of D. W. Griffith, producer of The Birth of a Nation. The death three years ago of John Matthews, the Mr. Coyle, attorney, of Our American Cousin, left Mr. Ferguson the sole survivor of the theatrical organization that was so suddenly and tragically thrust upon the attention of the American nation. Matthews for some years preceding his death was known as the visiting angel of the actors' relief fund. His duty it was to seek out the sick and needy members of his craft and extend them the beneficent aid of the fund. Of all the members of the cast of Our American Cousin, he was the only one to suffer by the act of Booth. He was Booth's closest friend, his roommate at the boarding-house kept by Mrs. Surratt, the woman who was said to be the instigator of the plot to assassinate the President. Matthews, because of his friendship for Booth, was entangled in the case. He was suspected of complicity with Booth, and, although the authorities did not charge him with having a part in the crime, the mob did. Feeling ran high and one accusation followed another. Finally the mob took matters in their own hands, and, seizing Matthews one day, they put a rope around his neck and were about to hang him to a lamp post when the police, in answer to a riot call, rescued him. Matthews was then accorded safe conduct out of Washington, but his experiences shadowed his life and his friends claimed he was a changed man from that time, particularly in his relations to woman, for whom he took an aversion so noticeable that it made a marked man even to his last days.

Many who remember Ford's theater of 1865 have complimented Mr. Griffith on his fidelity of reproduction. As portrayed during the unfolding of the historic drama, the shooting of Lincoln, the incidents in the theater preceding this act, and the tumult that followed it, are so true that actual winesses of the tragedy have marveled at the convincing reality. Even Booth's leap from the Presidential box to the stage, in the course of which he caught his foot in the bunting that decorated the box, thereby falling and breaking his ankle, is shown with fidelity to historic detail. Mr. Griffith's authority for these scenes is Nicolay and Hay's Abraham Lincoln. The authors of this work served as secretaries to President Lincoln and were in close touch with the stirring events of that period.

REED

Ferguson, W. J.

PLAYER ON STAGE WHEN LINCOLN WAS SHOT GIVES FACTS

The Chicago Evening Post
Feb 12-1926

Booth, He Asserts, Did Not Shout "Sic Semper Tyrannis."

BALTIMORE, Feb. 12.—(AP)—W. J. Ferguson, one of the few remaining members of the cast of "Our American Cousin," which was on the boards at Ford's theater, Washington, the evening President Lincoln was shot, is visiting friends in Baltimore. He is recuperating from a compound fracture of the hip, suffered a year ago while he was on location with a motion-picture company in Yosemite valley, California.

Mr. Ferguson, who says he is "about 80 years old," described the slaying of the President and declared that hardly any of the many accounts of the assassination were entirely correct.

No Shout by Booth.

The stories of John Wilkes Booth's action after firing the fatal shot, he said, were particularly inaccurate.

He was standing in the wing with Laura Keene, about to make an entrance when th eshot was fired, Ferguson said.

He declared Booth did not shout "Sic Semper Tyrannis," as he arose to his feet after his leap from the President's box, as has so often been stated. Not more than a minute elapsed from the time the shot was fired until Booth mounted his horse and was out of sight.

Equally false, he said, was the story that the orchestra leader, William Withers Jr., engaged in a hand-to-hand battle with Booth in an effort to stay his flight.

Pictures Are Spurious.

"Pictures as showing Booth kneeling on Wither's body with his knife raised to strike, have been printed frequently," he said, "are utterly false.

"Withers in late years had a scar on his throat popularly believed to be a knife wound inflicted by Booth, but I saw him a month after the assassination, and there was no scar on his throat at that time."

The story that Booth turned a lever and plunged the stage into darkness also was incorrect, Ferguson said, declaring there "was no such lever."

Fernandes, Mrs. Mary

Springfield - nomination
Funeral

To Mark Day

State Journal Photo.
Feby. 4 - 1940

Mrs. Mary Fernandes, 519 Bergen street, who was born at Funchal, Madeira Islands, Feb. 5, 1851, will celebrate her eighty-ninth birthday anniversary tomorrow.

A resident of Springfield since 1853, when she was brought to America with her parents, Mrs. Fernandes has been a reader of The Journal all her life. She has resided at her present address for sixty-five years.

Mrs. Fernandes remembers Abraham Lincoln's stump speech at Edwards place during his presidential campaign. She also recalls his funeral procession in Springfield. She first attended school held in the basement at First Presbyterian church, Third and Washington streets.

The celebrant is a member of Third Presbyterian church. She is the mother of Mrs. Mary Nass, Springfield, and Albert Fernandes, El Paso, Tex. She has eight grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

FERRITER, LUKE

OLD MEMORIES OF CIVIL WAR DAYS: LUKE FERRITER of Brattleboro, Vt., Who Was Detailed to Shoot William Scott, the Sleeping Sentry Who Was Pardoned by Lincoln, Tells the Story of the Event to the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, the Lincoln Biographer.
(Bigelow.)

N.Y. Times Sept. 19 1926

Field, David Dudley

DAVID DUDLEY FIELD AT 90.

Looking Back Over Great Men He Has Known. He Says Lincoln Was the Greatest.

1894

(Correspondence of Harper's Weekly.)

Mr. Field is older than either Gladstone, Bismarck or Leo XIII. and nearly as old as Kossuth. Abraham Lincoln was yet unborn when Field was a youth. The Constitution of the United States was still on trial, and had not even been adopted by all the States.

David Dudley Field began his life amidst plain surroundings, but in an intensely American atmosphere. He was born in Haddam, Conn., on February 18, 1805. He was the eldest of seven sons and two daughters. His father was a minister of the gospel, and had $300 a year salary. Out of this he reared his family and gave three of his sons a college education.

When 16 years of age young Field was ready for college. He entered Williams in 1821, and began the study of law. In 1828 he was admitted to the bar, and removed to New York, where he began the practice of his profession and his active public life.

To say that Mr. Field's life has been a remarkable one feebly expresses it. As a young lawyer he had to struggle with such giants as Webster, Choate and O'Connor. In politics he knew and associated with Clay, Calhoun, Van Buren and Polk, just as a generation later he was the friend and adviser of Lincoln, of Johnson, of Greeley and of Samuel J. Tilden. In literature, Bryant, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier and Bancroft were his friends.

It is of few families that the same can be written that may be of the Field family. David Dudley Field has been a jurist with no superior at the American bar. Cyrus W. Field was the projector of the Atlantic cable and a great financier. Stephen J. Field is a Judge on the Supreme bench, and his nephew, Judge Brewer, sits upon the same bench with him. The remaining brother, Henry M. Field, is a leading clergyman and the editor of the *Evangelist*.

But it is as a lawyer that David Dudley Field will be remembered. It is given to few men to spend sixty years of active life at the bar, and still fewer, indeed, would there be of that small number who could devote fifty years to the codification of our laws, a task, when completed, which brought him much undeserved obloquy on account of some of the provisions of what is called the penal code.

When last I saw Mr. Field I asked him who impressed him as the greatest man of his time. He at once replied, "Lincoln." Then he went on: "Lincoln was the most sided man I think I ever met. Webster, Clay, Calhoun and others were great men in their way, but Lincoln was great in a multitude of ways. There seemed hidden springs of greatness in this man that would spring forth in the most unexpected way, and even the men about him were at a loss to account for the order of the man's genius."

Mr. Field smiled when Horace Greeley's name was mentioned. "He was a very great man in some ways," said Mr. Field, "and a very weak one in others. He was almost as many sided as Lincoln himself, and was a wonderful combination of goodness and weakness. He was my friend for many years, and my co-worker in helping to nominate Lincoln, but his own nomination in 1872 struck me as the grotesque ending of a movement that promised much. As President he would have been used by selfish men for their own ends."

Here Mr. Field took up Gen. Grant. "I knew Mr. Grant well," he said, "though not over intimately. For Grant, the soldier, I had the highest admiration and watched his career with appreciative interest. He was a great General, but I always held that he was unsuited for the office of President, since his education and training were not such as to fit him for the office under the trying conditions that then existed. It afterward transpired that I was, in the main, right."

I asked Mr. Field to what he attributed his remarkably good health in his advanced years.

"First, a good constitution, and second, hard work," was the quick reply. "Hard work, my young friend, never killed any one. Idleness has slain its thousands. Then, again, exercise has helped me. I have never allowed a day of my life to pass—hot, cold, wet, or dry—without walking several miles in the open air. Cabs and street cars I can not abide. As for eating and drinking, I follow no especial rule. I take what I like and let the rest alone. I find that policy to agree with me."

Field, Paul F.

Deaths of a Day

FUNERAL OF P. J. FIELD, LINCOLN ADMIRER, HELD

Oldest Realty Man Became Authority on Great Emancipator

Funeral services for Paul J. Field, 84, said to be the oldest active real estate agent in Philadelphia, who as a boy of 12, was greeted by Abraham Lincoln, were held this afternoon from funeral parlors at 50th and Catharine streets. Mr. Field died at his home, 400 South 9th street, Wednesday morning after a brief illness.

Mr. Field maintained an office at 742 South 2d street. He was a member of the Philadelphia Real Estate Board. After graduating from the old Mount Vernon Public School at 3d and Catharine streets he attended Central High School. His wife died more than twenty-five years ago. They had no children.

During Lincoln's visit here on Washington's Birthday in 1861 Mr. Field and his father visited the flag-raising exercises at Independence Hall. Following the raising of the flag, Lincoln turned around and saw Paul Field. Taking him up in his arms he asked him whose boy he was. Because of his personal interest in the Great Emancipator, Mr. Field gathered a great volume of Lincolniana and was considered an authority on the President.

Field, Paul J.

Independence Hall, Phila.

Hunt of 70 Years Reveals Historic Photo Taken Here

Picture of Lincoln at Independence Hall Is Found

By ANN HARK

Out of the mists and memories of an old man's past, a February dawn of seventy years ago has taken concrete form. From the limbo of things laid away in rose and lavender, remembered only by a very few, a scene of rare significance has come to life. In an ancient photograph, only recently brought to the hands of Paul J. Field, of Philadelphia, history is seen in the actual making.

A flag-draped platform raised in front of Independence Hall. A line of soldiers standing at attention. A group of solemn gentlemen with long frock coats and high silk hats. A tall, black-bearded man gazing out over the heads of the crowd below. And, at the very front, a little boy in a "two shilling cap." That is the picture.

And this is the story it recalls: On February 22, 1861, Philadelphia staged its annual Washington's Birthday celebration. To that celebration came Abraham Lincoln, newly elected President of the United States, en route to Washington for his inauguration. With sleeves rolled up as if he were about to chop a cord of wood, the President-elect hoisted Old Glory to the flagpole atop Independence Hall. And then, turning around, he noticed the 12-year-old boy standing beside him. With a smile of ineffable gentleness, he picked him up and lifted him to his shoulder.

That was the proudest day in Paul Field's life. And always, during all the seventy years since then, he has been looking for the photograph that commemorated it. For he knew that a camera, poised in a second-story window on the opposite side of Chestnut street, had clicked during the ceremonies.

And just a few days ago that photograph came at last into his hands. The photographer had long since died, but his son-in-law, Dr. Ambler Tees, of St. Davids, hearing of a speech made by Mr. Field in which he mentioned the incident, unearthed the old negative and struck off a print. And so a seventy-year-old quest was ended.

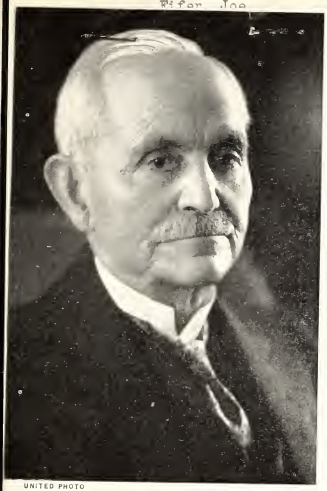
To Mr. Field the picture brings back endless memories—not of that day alone, but of all the history-making days that followed. Philadelphia in wartime, with soldiers marching through the streets. Fighting men stopping at the refreshment stand on Washington avenue, then piling into the sideless freight cars that rumbled continuously past on their way to the Nation's capital. A city where omnibuses were the only means of transportation—and even they didn't run on Sundays. A childhood innocent of movies, and radioes, and automobiles, when an occasional trip down the Delaware to Gloucester was the only recreation and a stolen visit to the gallery of the old Walnut Street Theatre to hear Edwin Forrest in "Cardinal Richelieu" was the event of a lifetime.

"People thought times were hard during the last war," says Mr. Field, "but they should have lived through the days of the Civil War. Why, the farmers got $3.25 for a bushel of wheat. Housewives paid $1 a pound for coffee—provided they bought coffee. Most of them used roasted rye instead. And little boys wore their fathers' old trousers cut down with three tucks in each leg to allow for growth.

"We used postage stamps for change in those days," he said. "I remember finding a 10-cent stamp one day and running to the grocery store with it. I bought a penny's worth of crackers—and nearly fainted when the grocer gave me the change in actual coins. I thought I was the richest boy in town. But," and he smiled mischievously, "I went right down to Union Alley—it's called Norfolk street now, just above Christian—and lost my entire wealth shooting pennies."

Phila Public Ledger 4-4-3

Fifer, Joe



UNITED PHOTO

"Private Joe" Fifer, taken at the age of ninety-four

Bloomington, Ill.

Private Joe

by PATRICIA BARTON

His soul goes marching on.

These familiar words were written about one man, but they aptly describe another. Beloved "Private Joe" Fifer, grand old man of Illinois, is dead, but the principles he stood for, his philosophy, his character, and his keen sense of patriotism will endure as time itself.

For a man to live almost ninety-eight years is remarkable. For a man to reach that great age in full possession of his mental faculties with his interest in life still great is very remarkable. Joseph Wilson Fifer was similar to many another American youth during his boyhood, but from the time a Minié ball plunged through the lower part of his lung and the upper part of his liver, he was different.

Nine days after the capture of Vicksburg, part of the Union forces were ordered to clear the enemy out of the state of Mississippi. Union soldiers fought within sixty yards of Joe Johnston's troops. Suddenly young Joe Fifer was driven backward with plunging, stabbing pain. An ambulance started to Vicksburg with the wounded boy. So serious was the injury, Major Robert McClaughry sent word to Fifer's comrades in Company C, Thirty-third Illinois Infantry, to prepare to bury him. Death, however, was not to claim the gallant youngster. He survived the wracking pain of a trip up the Mississippi River, and on August 14, 1863, was in his own bed in Danvers, Illinois.

The narrow escape did not diminish the boy's determination to do his part for the country he loved. Early in the spring of 1864 he rejoined his company in New Orleans.

The deep humanity of Joseph Fifer was demonstrated many times during his army service. In later years he drew great satisfaction from the knowledge that he had never consciously killed a man during the war. Once when the opportunity presented itself, Fifer could not bring himself to shoot a human being. He took aim at a Confederate soldier, a lad about his own age, then held fire.

The words of Senator Louis Wigfall, Texas: "The South intends to establish a government whose cornerstone shall be slavery, and the man who cannot own a slave deserves to be one," sent Joseph and his older brother, George, off to the war. When in his nineties Private Joe said that experience later taught him Senator Wigfall's words had been published as quoted for propaganda.

Like millions of privates have done since the world began, the Fifer brothers served loyally and faithfully in the army. George died as a result of war wounds in Texas in 1864, and Joseph received a wound from which he never fully recovered. The glories of war—if there are any—surround the successful and sometimes the unsuccessful officers. The privates' praises seldom are celebrated in poem or song. Yet without such men as the Fifers, wars could not be won.

In the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia, at Jennings Gap, near Staunton, Joseph Fifer was born, October 28, 1840. His father, a deeply respected man, was a bricklayer. He built the Presbyterian manse at Staunton where Woodrow Wilson was born. Incidently the Fifers were not relatives of the Wilson family, despite the fact that Joseph's middle name was Wilson.

Illustrious men were not unknown to Private Joe. He remembered Lincoln, knew Grant, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, and scores of other famous figures. His most cherished remembrance was his father's meeting with the great Whig leader, Henry Clay. Father Fifer had been an ardent and enthusiastic supporter of Clay in his presidential campaign. Three years after his defeat, Clay stopped at Jennings Gap to thank Fifer for his loyalty. Young Joseph, a child of seven, was present. Clay's gracious gesture was ever afterward a sacred memory in the Fifer family.

Following the tides of western migration, the Fifers moved to McLean County, Illinois, in 1857. The father ran a brick yard in Danvers. Joseph and George worked in the yard and hoped to be lawyers when they grew up. When court was in session in Bloomington, the boys walked the ten miles into town to hear Judge David Davis preside and mostly to hear and see Abraham Lincoln. Both boys heard Lincoln's thrilling speech in Bloomington in 1858. Private Joe considered Lincoln the best speaker he ever heard, and in his lifetime he heard most of the country's famous orators.

After the war, Joseph Fifer moved to Bloomington to attend Illinois Wesleyan University. He had little money and could expect no help from his family. Taking an unfurnished room in a professor's house, Joseph started to college. He made a bed out of dry goods boxes, fixed a straw mattress, and bought some cheap furniture and a second hand stove. Even these meager comforts were luxurious compared to the hardships of the battlefield. During the summer, Fifer worked to earn money to carry him through the next year. He was graduated from Illinois Wesleyan with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1868. The only deprivation he regretted during his college career was his inability to accompany John Wesley Powell, his science teacher, on a trip of exploration to the Grand Canyon.

His last year in college, Fifer spent his spare time reading law in the office of Price and Bloomfield. He was admitted to the bar late in 1869. The next year he married Gertrude Lewis of Bloomington.

Joseph Fifer's career began in earnest in 1870. He was elected city attorney of Bloomington. Two years later he became state's attorney of McLean County, being reelected for a second term four years later. In 1880 Fifer was elected to the State Senate for a four year term.

In 1888 Joseph Fifer sought the Republican nomination for governor.

The leaper fell to the net. "Hurt you?" Art called.

"No," said the girl.

"You didn't break hard enough," commented Art. "Break like you meant it. Reach for his elbows and he'll have a better chance to catch you."

Tony explained that the break is the whipping back of the feet just after the leaper leaves his swinging bar. A fast or hard break gives the body momentum.

When Art had finished with his day's instructions, he came back to us bringing a man with him.

"This," he told us, "is Pop La Van. It was his brothers who introduced the passing act in America. Remember my telling you about them awhile ago?"

Harry La Van, we learned, is one of the oldest flyers in the circus world. He retired some years ago and has since made his home in Bloomington to be near the center of the trapeze world. Harry's father chopped up his horizontal bar to stop the boy's interest in the trapeze. One day the Cooper-Bailey show came to Bloomington, and when stakes were pulled, Harry La Van was missing. He can tell you about traveling with Ringling's when it was still a wagon outfit, and about his first rail trip with Barnum and Bailey in 1893.

"It looks as if the circus was headed back for the wagon train days," commented Harry La Van. "Gee, I thought it was great to travel by rail, but nowadays only one or two of the big fellows use the rails. It's balloon tires and motor trucks again today. Still, there's a lot of difference between a truck moving along under its own power on a concrete highway and a wagon train pulled through mud or dust by horses. By the way, do you know another improvement in circus life? The "Big Top" is now air-conditioned so the trapeze artists don't have to work in a temperature ranging from 100° to 115°."

Harry La Van is another reason why Bloomington is so important in the trapeze world. His years of experience make him an able trainer. He told us that among the numerous flying troupes who have called Bloomington home, are the "Flying Concellos" troupe, Bert Doss' Flying Thrillers, the Jim Arbaugh troupe, the Flying Wards, the Flying Sullivans, the Burtons, the Randalls, the Three Aces, the Lesters, the Thorpes, Harolds, and Valentines.

"Don't forget," said Art, "Bloomington has done other things in the circus world besides produce stars of the "Flying Trapeze."

We laughed and said, "But we'll still take trapeze. It's always the best part of a circus, or at least we think so."

"We think so too," said Tony, our charming hostess. "Bloomington is tops for trapeze work. I doubt if you can find a half dozen trapeze troupes in the country who haven't practiced or learned the business here, and furthermore, many of the performers were born here."

"That," we remarked, "makes it about as official as can be."

Hotel Corner

by STANLEY R. GILL

Eighty-four years is a long time. Ever since the old Shaffer Hotel was started in 1856, there has been a hotel in Bloomington on the northwest corner of Center and Jefferson streets. Before the beginning of the Civil War, Alexander B. Shaffer, brother of Justice W. L. Shaffer, planned and started a large hotel, to be four stories high and a quarter block square. The walls had just been erected when Shaffer failed. Richmond Lucas succeeded to the property and in turn gave way to Colonel Ashley who completed the building. His son, Thomas, was associated with the hotel almost until his death in 1899. A nephew, John Whitman, owned it for a few years before selling it to Funk, Hanna and Weldon in 1897.

With the change in name from the Shaffer to the Ashley House, a fine "house warming" supper and dance was held December 10, 1862. The local newspaper stated that "the committee on the Ashley House supper desires to inform the public that the tickets to the supper will be $3.00, each admitting a gentleman and a lady. Ladies desirous of attending and having no company will be called for by leaving their names at Maxwell and Ridelhuber's bookstore, carriages having been secured for that purpose. No children will be admitted. Ladies unaccompanied by gentlemen will be charged $3.00. Ashley House will be glad to furnish escorts for the unaccompanied ladies when they arrive." The modern college date bureau isn't so up-to-date.

One who attended wrote: "The bill of fare for the supper was most amazing, including every delicacy and rarity that could be procured at this season at home or abroad. About 300 guests were present, comprising the beauty and fashion of Bloomington, with guests from Springfield and other towns, and after the supper was over, the dance commenced and was kept up with spirit until a late hour, and many of our old and dignified citizens participated."

The Ashley House was very metropolitan for those days. It had high ceilings, large arched windows, and was an object of great pride to the community, though it had not been completed as elegantly as originally planned, because a quantity of material for porticos and trimming, after its arrival on the ground, was seized for debt by General Gridley.

A framed menu bearing the date of Monday, April 10, 1876, which hangs in the office of the present Illinois Hotel, shows a picture of the Ashley House. The proprietors at that time were Sill and Cranmer. The card may not be as fancy as today's, but the menu offers a most inviting assortment of foods. The reverse side carries the wine list and sundry information such as "Hours of Meals." On Sundays, for instance, "Breakfast—8 to 10½; Dinner—1 to 2½; Tea—6 to 7½." Among the rules we find "Guests having friends to meals will please give notice at the office that seats may be reserved for them," and "Children and servants occupying seats at the first table will be charged full price."

With a formal opening and big party on April 29, 1897, the hotel became known as the Windsor House, carrying that name until destroyed by the great fire of June 19, 1900. A new fireproof building was started October 21, 1901, and three years later was opened as the Illinois Hotel. The present owner is O. A. McClintock.

Speaking in 1935 of his party loyalty, he said: "I stood by in the infancy of the Republican party when its cradle was rocked by sleepless zealots. I got my Republicanism shot into me during the war, and I expect to die a Republican."

The candidates for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1888 were General Smith, General McNulta, General Reinecker, Colonel Clarke E. Carr, Major Connelly, Captain Frank Wright, and Joseph W. Fifer. The only private among the seven contenders was Fifer. Thus he earned the nick name of Private Joe which stuck to him through life. The psychological effect of the sobriquet, Private Joe, was great. Fifer got the nomination. In the general election, the Democratic candidate was Major General John M. Palmer. Private Joe swept into office.

During his administration, he pushed through the Australian ballot system which corrected the scandalous voting practices. He also put through the law of pardons. Another reform was the revision of the school laws. A compulsory education law was enacted. Fifer also saved the state thousands of dollars by careful examination of old and new contracts and commissions.

Although he preferred to return to his law practice in Bloomington following his term as governor, Fifer became a candidate for re-election because some factions thought they would beat him. The Cleveland landslide of 1892 defeated Governor Fifer. The Democratic candidate, John P. Altgeld, won by 23,000 votes. Private Joe could return to Bloomington.

Joseph Fifer carried no spirit of hatred or revenge. He didn't hate the Confederate boys he met on the field of battle and never believed in flaying the rebels when the war was over. He didn't hate the man who defeated him when he sought re-election. Fifer and Altgeld became good friends. The former believed that the latter had just grounds for his pardon of the anarchists.

Illinois Wesleyan conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on Governor Fifer in 1892.

In 1896 Fifer joined four other former governors of Illinois, Richard Oglesby, Shelby M. Cullom, John L. Beveridge, and John M. Hamilton to campaign for John R. Tanner, the Republican gubernatorial nominee. Two former lieutenant governors joined the five governors in one of the most spectacular campaigns in Illinois politics. Tanner was elected, defeating Altgeld.

President William McKinley appointed Fifer to the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1899. He was reappointed by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1903 and resigned in 1906 to return to his law practice in Bloomington.

In his eightieth year Private Joe was elected delegate to the Illinois Constitutional Convention of 1920. He was very active in drawing up the new Constitution.

One of the biggest thrills of Private Joe's later years came in 1924 when he witnessed the induction of his daughter, Mrs. Florence Fifer Bohrer, into the State Senate. Mrs. Bohrer served two terms, the only woman yet elected to the upper house of the Illinois General Assembly.

As he grew older, Private Joe became the Nestor of the Republican party. His home at 909 North McLean Street, Bloomington, was the mecca for all Republican candidates seeking advice. His birthdays became occasions for great celebrations in Bloomington. Republicans and Democrats alike joined to pay tribute to a true gentleman.

On election night of 1932, Fifer was hit by a car. His leg was broken at the knee. Despite his age, he recovered from the accident.

In 1936 as the only member of the William T. Sherman Post of the Grand Army of the Republic able to attend meetings, Private Joe went to the hall in Bloomington and offered a resolution surrendering the post's charter. As post commander he declared the resolution passed 1 to 0.

Friends, beautiful memories, his faithful Boston bull, Skippy, and fellow townspeople made happy Private Joe's old age. At ninety-six he could quote hundreds of poems, much from Lincoln's speeches, and many Shakespearian passages. His interest in the affairs of state and nation never diminished. To the last he stoutly maintained his great faith in American institutions. Economic conditions of the country, he regretted, but he frequently said that without hardships to overcome there could be no progress.

Private Joe died August 6, 1938. Had he lived two months longer he would have been ninety-eight years old. His death broke one of Illinois' strongest links with the great figures and history of the past.

Two Presidents-General

ONE chapter only in the entire organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution has had the honor of furnishing two presidents general. The Letitia Green Stevenson chapter of McLean County, Illinois, holds this distinction.

Letitia Green Stevenson, for whom the chapter is named, was elected president general of the organization in 1893. She was the second woman to hold that office. Re-elected the following year, she was again elected to the highest office in 1896 and 1897. At that time the term of office was one year. No other woman ever has been four times elected to the highest post in the D. A. R.

Julia Green Scott, sister of Letitia Green Stevenson, was elected vice-president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1901. She served two terms, the tenure of office having been changed to two years. Although frequently urged to run for the highest office, president general, Mrs. Scott persistently declined to do so until 1909 when she yielded to the urgings of her friends and entered the battle. The contest was a hard-fought one throughout and furnished Washington, D. C. with entertainment and excitement for several days. It was said that "they almost closed down the Supreme Court to attend the election." Mrs. Scott was victorious.

Julia Green Scott served as president general through 1912. During her incumbency the new Continental Hall was dedicated and she persuaded President William Howard Taft, to open the D. A. R. congress. Since that time each D. A. R. Congress has been opened by the president of the United States.

Well poised, a good speaker, with extraordinary executive ability, Mrs. Scott became prominent in the nation's capital. In Liberty Loan drives during the World War, in rehabilitation work in France after the armistice, and in the adoption of French war orphans, Julia Green Scott took the lead. As a result of her efficiency, her ability, and her enthusiasm, Ambassador Jusserand decorated her on behalf of the French government.

Illinois Wesleyan University

by PAUL M. PETTIT, '39

CARVED in the stone of the west gate to the campus of Illinois Wesleyan are these words:

"We stand in a position of incalculable responsibility to the great wave of population overspreading the valley of the Mississippi. Destiny seems to point out this valley as the depository of the great heart of the nation. From this center mighty pulsations, for good or evil, must in future flow, which shall not only affect the fortunes of the republic, but reach in their influence, other and distant nations of the earth."

The founders of Illinois Wesleyan who wrote these words were fully awake to their responsibilities and opportunities as leaders in a great pioneer country. The prevailing sentiment of the times in 1850 was one of antagonism toward public support of schools. One early settler of McLean County said, "I'd just as soon be taxed to feed my neighbor's hogs as to eddy-cate his young 'uns."

Despite this feeling, there were those who recognized the unique function of education in a democracy and were determined that institutions of higher learning should be established on the prairie of this state, even if it had to be done by private means. In those days the church was the only institution interested in education, and it was the Illinois Conference of the Methodist Episcopal church that established Illinois Wesleyan University in 1850.

Preeminent among this group of founders was the shaggy Peter Cartwright, pioneer preacher and circuit rider, who blazed the trails of Methodism for fifty years as a presiding elder, and who had a hand in the founding of no less than a score of schools and seminaries in this state. Among the distinguished citizens of Bloomington on the first board of trustees appear such men as James Allin, Jesse Fell, Isaac Funk, and Justice David Davis, eminent jurist and close friend of Abraham Lincoln.

The first full year of classes at Wesleyan opened in 1851, being conducted in the basement of the Methodist church. But soon a three-story brick building was erected to house the classes; and this building, Old North Hall, is being used by students today, one of the oldest college buildings in Illinois. On its third floor, Station WJBC broadcasts its programs throughout Central Illinois, its facilities being available to Wesleyan students interested in preparing for this most modern of vocations. Thus Old North Hall is not only a symbol of the past but a beckon to the future.

When Dr. Oliver S. Munsell became president in 1857, the school was facing serious financial difficulties, because of an indebtedness of $5,000 borrowed at 22 per cent interest. Dr. Munsell was given complete control of finances during his sixteen year tenure of office, and by splendid vision and sacrifice put the university squarely on its feet.

By this time, the increasing enrollment made necessary a larger building on the campus to accommodate properly the college and its growing preparatory school. The new Main Hall housed the college classrooms, the museum, and a spacious auditorium finished in oiled walnut and pronounced by high authority to be the most beautiful and commodious college chapel in the United States. Amie Chapel was the gift of Colonel James Coler of Champaign, who named it for his mother.

Following the Civil War two professors stand out in the history of Wesleyan. Major John Wesley Powell was chiefly famous as a geologist,

Left: Hedding Hall

Right: The Annuals are out

Fifer, Joe

FIFER, JOSEPH W.

Joseph W. Fifer Recalls Impression Martyred President Made in Address at Bloomington

BLOOMINGTON, Ill—In Joseph W. Fifer, Illinois has the only living Governor who knew Abraham Lincoln. The world contains no greater admirer of the martyred President. In a reminiscent talk at his home here, the former State Executive told of his acquaintance with the great emancipator.

"From the time, more than 70 years ago, when I heard Lincoln speak for the first time, I have had an admiration for him that appeared to increase with the years," Gov Fifer said. "Probably no one has been a greater student of Lincoln than myself. I have read every book that has been written about him, and every article concerning him, and contain them all in my library for re-reading.

Bloomington Address

"When our family came to Danvers, in 1857, we had heard something about Lincoln, primarily the story of his collecting bark for a fire to furnish light so that he could study law at night. This naturally interested myself and my elder brother George, and we talked about him a great deal. Whenever I came to Bloomington I would drop into the Courthouse in the hope of meeting him or hearing him argue a case, but I was not always successful as the judicial circuit covered a wide territory and Lincoln could only be here at certain periods."

"While Lincoln and Douglas never debated here, the latter came to Bloomington in the Fall of 1858, and delivered a Democratic speech in a grove southeast of the city. Adlai E. Stevenson, later Vice President, and his law partner, James S. Ewing, later Minister to Belgium, who heard it, pronounced it the greatest in the recollection. As a result, Judge David Davis, one of Lincoln's closest friends, induced him to reply to it, and he agreed to do so.

"It was in September of that year, that Lincoln came and spoke from a platform placed on the north side of the public square here. An immense crowd assembled. My brother and myself elbowed our way through the jam until we reached a point within 10 feet of the stand. There were no seats for the audience, and, with all standing, many thousand could get within earshot. On that day Lincoln was a guest at the home of Judge Davis, and Fell, Swett and a few other intimate friends of Lincoln, were invited also.

"Judge Davis presided at the meeting, and first introduced Swett, then a great lawyer and confident of Lincoln. Swett was an eloquent speaker and his preliminary address was applauded. He then introduced Lincoln. Although Swett was tall, Lincoln towered above him. The crowd thought that Lincoln would never get through the job of getting up, he was so tall.

"Lincoln started his address rather awkwardly. He would run out on sentences which seemed incomplete. They did not suit him and he would try another line of thought. He did this several times and the crowd began to grow impatient. I heard several remark: 'This man can't talk. They should have nominated Swett.'

"But it was not long until Lincoln found himself. His flow of language then became fluent and his utterances full of fire. Among other things, he stated that Douglas had accused him of favoring negro equality. In reply to this, Lincoln declared: 'I forcibly protest against the false logic of Douglas that because I do not want a negro woman for my slave, I must necessarily want her for my wife.' As Lincoln continued, his face shone, his fist was clenched, and he was so much in deadly earnest that the vast mass of humanity became wonderfully impressed with the extraordinary personality of the orator and his wonderful forensic ability and convincing flow of language.

"The great audience seemed to stand rigid as if hewn from solid rock, and drank in every word. Lincoln's voice was not especially sonorous, nor could it be properly called musical. It might have been more

JOSEPH W. FIFER
Ex-Governor of Illinois

accurately described as 'metallic.' His words were clearly heard a long distance and even those at the outskirts heard him distinctly, due to the intensity of his feeling, the quietude of the audience and the evident anxiety to absorb every word.

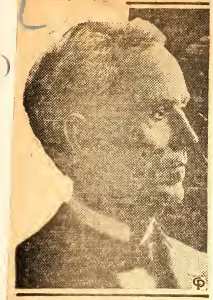
Made Lasting Impression

"I was but a young man at the time, but I was old enough to judge of the quality of his eloquence. It made a lasting impression upon me, as it did upon all others who were in hearing. I still regard it as the greatest speech that I have ever heard. I felt, as did many others, that his address was a masterpiece, and did much to make him famous. Previously he had not secured any national reputation. It was felt that this was the turning point in his career. There was no feeling of levity. All realized that it was a serious period, and, sobered by the belief that the great calamity of war was impending, Lincoln talked for two hours. I have often tried since to analyze this speech and, if possible, discover Lincoln's gift in oratory and to ascertain how he could thus hold an audience, but the secret eluded me.

"His great logic and his great earnestness seemed to well up from some inexhaustible fountain of truth and sincerity, convincing and irresistible in its eloquence and masterly argument.

Fifer, Joseph W.

Lincoln Student



Joseph W. Fifer of Bloomington, Ill., is said to be the only living ex-governor who knew Abraham Lincoln. He first met the martyred president in 1858 and admired him so greatly that, after Lincoln's death, he became a student of his career. Fifer characterizes Lincoln as "the saddest human being" he ever saw.

RICHMOND, KY., REGISTER
FEB. 19, 1931 F16

A Former Illinois Governor Adds to Stories of Lincoln

Joseph W. Fifer Heard the Great Emancipator Speak in Bloomington in 1858 and Also Heard Many Anecdotes About Him From the Lips of Milton Hay, Who Studied Law in Lincoln's Office.

(By a Member of The Star's Staff.)

IN Bloomington, Ill., several weeks ago, I found an aged man who knew Lincoln and who told me some stories about him that had been overlooked by all of Lincoln's biographers. He was Joseph W. Fifer, governor of Illinois in the early '90s, now 89 years old.

"I first heard of Abe Lincoln in 1856 when the new Republican party was first organized in Illinois at a state convention held in Bloomington," Mr. Fifer said. "In that convention Lincoln made what afterward came to be known as his famous 'lost speech,' so called because his eloquence was so great it swept everyone off his feet, including the newspaper reporters, who sat so spellbound that they forgot to make notes of the speech and it was lost, except such parts of it as could be pieced together from memory. This was said then to be the greatest speech ever delivered in Illinois, and after that people began to mention the name of Lincoln as a possibility for the presidency.

Voiced the Free Soil Battle Cries.

"I was a boy of 15 then, on a farm near Bloomington. The whole country was stirred up over the question as to whether slavery would be extended into the new states that were to be formed from the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, and our weekly newspaper was filled with the political news that grew out of that agitation, and I read it all.

"It was in that 'lost speech' that Lincoln first uttered those phrases that afterward became war cries of the free-soil men, such as: 'Kansas shall be free!' 'Slavery must be kept out of Kansas!' 'Slavery is a violation of the eternal right!' 'We will say to the southern disunionists, we won't go out of this Union, and you shan't!' And he ended with: 'There is a power and magic in popular opinion. To that let us now appeal; and while in all probability no resort to force will be needed, our moderation and forbearance will stand us in good stead when, if ever, we must make an appeal to battle and to the God of Hosts.'

"The accounts of that speech and of how the delegates made a rush to embrace Lincoln when he was through thrilled me and thereafter I read everything I could find in our paper about Lincoln. I followed the news of his debates with Douglas, and when it was announced that Lincoln was to speak in the courthouse yard in Bloomington in September, 1858, I was so excited by the possibility of hearing him I could hardly wait for the time to come.

Seemed Awkward at the Start.

Father and I drove in that afternoon, and when we arrived the courthouse yard was packed with people. There were no seats. Everyone stood. I wormed my way through the crowd and got well up in front just as Leonard Swet was finishing his introduction of Lincoln, who was sitting behind him.

"Lincoln arose slowly, his long and gaunt form seeming to unfold and lengthen upward. I recognized him instantly as a lawyer I had seen before.

"As he arose he wore a black frock coat, broadcloth, I suppose. He seemed awkward at first. He did not appear to me to be handling himself well to begin with. He would run out on a sentence and come back to its beginning and try it again. A man near me said: 'Pshaw! That man can't speak. Why didn't Swet keep on talking?'

"But Lincoln soon found himself, and became grandly eloquent, both in his manner and in the substance of what he said, and that great crowd, which overflowed the courthouse yard, was held spellbound for two solid hours.

"I often wonder, today, if several thousand people would stand for two hours on their feet to hear any public speaker. I think they would, to hear a man like Lincoln. The speech I heard him make then was not preserved and yet it was the greatest masterpiece of eloquence I ever heard in all my life. The thing about it that impressed me above all else was Lincoln's deep earnestness and evident sincerity and honesty, and the logic of it.

"Douglas had accused him of favoring Negro equality, and in that speech Lincoln answered him by saying he had never been for absolute equality of the races, he had never contended that the Negro was the equal of the white man in all respects; certainly he was not his equal in education, for the Negro had been in slavery for 200 years. He was not the white man's equal in social status. 'But,' said Lincoln, 'in his right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas or of myself, or of any living man,' and then he added with great emphasis: 'I forever protest against the false logic that because I do not want a Negro woman for my slave I must necessarily want her for my wife!'

Not Given to Church Going.

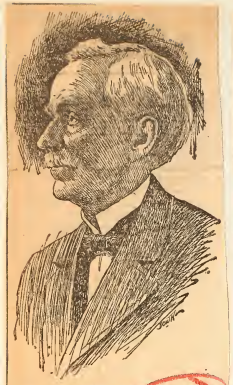
"While I was governor of Illinois I was thrown in close contact with Milton Hay, who had read law for three years in the office of Lincoln in Springfield, when Lincoln was a practicing lawyer, before he became famous. Hay told me many anecdotes of Lincoln that I have never seen in print. He said that Lincoln was very liberal in his religious views. One of Hay's duties as a law student was to go to the office each Sunday morning and sweep it out, put books back in their places and generally set it to rights. He said Lincoln did not go to church often, but he would find him in the office when he got there.

"One Sunday morning when Hay arrived at the office Lincoln was at a desk busily writing a letter. When he had finished it he explained to Hay that he had written an answer to a letter from a mercantile house in New York that had written to him asking about the financial standing of a young lawyer in Springfield. Lincoln read his answer to Hay and it went like this:

"'Yes, I know this young man very well. He is a lawyer, just begun the practice. He has a law library consisting of the statutes of Indiana for the year 1827. He has some office furniture, consisting of a rocking chair with one rocker and a center table with three legs. He has a wife and two children that ought to be worth $50,000 to any man, and in addition to all this, he has a rat hole in one corner of his office that it might be worth while to look into.'

Lincoln and the Billy Goat.

"One Sunday morning as he was going to the office Hay saw Lincoln walking down the opposite side of the street, his head bent forward, his hands clasped behind his back. Suddenly Lincoln was confronted by a billy goat that the boys had been deviling until it had been taught to butt anyone it met. As soon as this goat caught sight of Lincoln it made a rush for him, head down. Lincoln saw it coming, unclasped his hands, spread his feet wide apart, stooped, and as the goat got near enough Lincoln sidestepped, caught the goat by the horns and, as he laboriously swung the goat around and reached an arm under him, and began lifting



JOSEPH W. FIFER, FORMER GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS, WHO KNEW LINCOLN AND MILTON HAY, WHO READ LAW IN LINCOLN'S OFFICE.

him up and staggering with him to the fence, talking to him and grunting with the effort, all the time:

"'Now, look here, Billy (grunt), I have nothing against you, and you (grunt), ought to have nothing against me. This is a great big world we live in, Billy (grunt), and there is no reason (grunt, grunt and tug), why you should want to injure me or I injure you.'

"By this time he had lifted the goat over the fence, dumped him in a vacant lot and resumed his walk to the office.

The Origin of a Famous Saying.

"Hay told me that a favorite saying of Lincoln's was: 'You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.'

"In 1894, after my term as governor of Illinois, and while Altgeld was governor, I made a speech in Piatt County, this state, in which I repeated that saying of Lincoln's. My speech was printed in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and other newspapers, and thus that saying Lincoln was first given publicity. None of Lincoln's biographers had ever discovered it.

"The best short sentiment about Lincoln that I have ever come across was sent to me on a postal card. I have tried in vain to find the author of it. I even sent the card to the public library in Springfield, and to various collectors of Lincolniana, but none could tell me who wrote it. Here it is:

"'There is no new thing to be said of Lincoln. Nor is there a new thing to be said of the mountains or the stars or the sea. The mountains ever tower in majesty above the shifting clouds. The quiet stars ever keep holy vigil above a tired world. The mysterious sea ever sobs on the shore. But to mountain and to star and to sea men ever turn in reverent homage. And thus with Lincoln, for he was mountain in majesty of thought. He was star in the steadfast purity of his purpose. He was sea in deep undervoice of sadness and mystery, and he abide[illegible]

Kansas City, Mo. Star
FEB. 9, 1930

RECALLS LINCOLN'S FIGHT WITH GOAT

Former Illinois Governor Tells How Emancipator Won Brief But Spirited Battle

PUT ANIMAL OVER FENCE

(From the Kansas City Star)

Abraham Lincoln displayed his inherent sense of humor early in life, according to Joseph W. Fifer, former Governor of Illinois, who describes an encounter between the Emancipator, then a practicing lawyer, and a determined goat in Springfield, Ill. The goat, Mr. Fifer recalls, came out second best in the brief but spirited struggle.

"I first heard of Abe Lincoln," he says, "in 1856, when the new Republican party was first organized in Illinois at a State convention held in Bloomington.

"In that convention Lincoln made what afterward came to be known as his famous 'lost speech,' so called because his eloquence was so great it swept everyone off his feet, including the newspaper reporters, who sat so spell-bound that they forgot to make notes of the speech, and it was lost, except such parts of it as could be pieced together from memory. This was said then to be the greatest speech ever delivered in Illinois, and after that people began to mention the name of Lincoln as a possibility for the Presidency.

"While I was Governor of Illinois I was thrown in close contact with Milton Hay, who had read law for three years in the office of Lincoln in Springfield, when Lincoln was a practicing lawyer, before he became famous. Hay told me many anecdotes of Lincoln that I have never seen in print.

"He said that Lincoln was very liberal in his religious views. One of Hay's duties as a law student was to go to the office each Sunday morning and sweep it out, put books back in their places and generally set it to rights. He said Lincoln did not go to church often, but he would find him in the office when he got there.

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"As soon as this goat caught sight of Lincoln it made a rush for him, head down. Lincoln saw it coming, unclasped his hands, spread his feet wide apart, stooped, and as the goat got near enough Lincoln sidestepped, caught the goat by the horns and, as he laboriously swung the goat around and reached an arm under him, and began lifting him up and staggering with him to the fence, talking to him and grunting with the effort, all the time:

"'Now, look here, Billy (grunt), I have nothing against you, and you (grunt), ought to have nothing against me. This is a great big world we live in, Billy (grunt), and there is no reason (grunt, grunt and tug), why you should want to injure me or I injure you.'

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L. 18 - 30

Union Soldier's Recollections Of Lincoln Show War President As Leader with a Tender Heart

Grand Rapids Press 2-12-26

Reminiscences of President Abraham Lincoln by the late E. Golden Filer of Manistee now are in the possession of Claude T. Hamilton, Grand Rapids.

Some time before Mr. Filer's death Mr. Hamilton loaned him a copy of the life of Lincoln. When the book was returned the original notes of a speech made by Mr. Filer at Manistee in commemoration of the one hundredth birthday anniversary of Lincoln were found therein. These notes contain the reminiscences.

"I saw President Lincoln for the first time," said Mr. Filer, "In October, 1862, at Pleasant Valley, Md. The battles of South Mountain, Sharpsburg and Antietam were fought on Sept. 14, 16 and 17, and resulted in the retreat of Gen. Lee's army to Virginia.

Says McClellan Delayed.

"It is an interesting fact that Gen. McClellan's worst military fault was procrastination and that he could not be induced without delay to move his army into Virginia after his success at Antietam, his reason for not advancing being that his army was not in condition to make another campaign and must have rest and an opportunity to recuperate.

"President Lincoln was very anxious that the advantages gained at South Mountain, Sharpsburg and Antietam should not be lost because of inaction on the part of the Army of the Potomac, and planned to review the army in person, presumably to judge of its condition by close contact, and for this purpose the army was formed in regimental or brigade front (I don't remember which) in heavy marching order one warm Sunday in October, 1862.

President Lincoln, mounted on a small bay horse, rode in and out of the lines followed closel by Gen. McClellan and his mounted staff.

"There was a wide contrast between the appearance of the president and Gen. McClellan's staff. The president was dressed in his proverbial frock coat and tall hat. He sat his horse awkwardly and it seemed as though his feet must touch the ground, whereas Gen. McClelland and staff were superbly mounted on richly caparisoned horses and presented a fine appearance in their shining uniforms.

Strain on Soldiers.

"The tax on the strength of the soldiers in line was very great and I remember I could hardly carry the load of knapsack, blanket, haversack, cartridge box, canteen and heavy Springfield rifle, until the review was over and at the time did not consider being reviewed by the president compensation for being made a pack mule for several hours, but from the present viewpoint I consider I was highly privileged.

"The second time I saw President Lincoln was in the late summer of 1863. I was stationed for a time at a place called Rozier's Bluff in Maryland on the Potomac river, a few miles below Alexandria, Va. A large earthwork was being constructed there, which was christened Fort Foote on its completion.

"Col. Seward, son of Secretary of State Seward, commanded a battery of artillery stationed at this point and President Lincon, Secretary Seward and Secretary Welles of the navy and Gen. Barnard, chief of the engineer department, of Washington came several times to look over the construction of the fort as it progressed. As I was there continuously for a number of months I saw the party whenever it came, and while I realized that they were very superior men I thought they inspired the work much as ordinary mortals would.

"The president appeared much interested in the work and I thought urgent to have the fort completed as it was intended to supplant Fort Washington, which was a few miles lower down the river and which was built of masonry and no protection against battleships and gunboats of that time in commanding the approach to Washington by water.

Greeted Soldiers.

"I was transferred from Fort Foote to Washington in November, 1863, and remained there until November, 1864, and had many opportunities to see the president.

"I was walking in company with Capt. E. L. Craw of Grand Rapids, officer of the Sixth Michigan cavalry, between the White House and war department one day. As we entered the yard between the two buildings President Lincoln came from a back door of the war department. I said to Craw, 'The president is coming out of the war department; we shall meet him.' Craw was quite excited and wanted to turn back. I said, 'No, let us go on. The president will notice your uniform and greet us with a smile.' When we met him he smiled and said, 'Good morning, gentlemen.' We raised our hats and replied, 'Good morning, Mr. President.'

"Craw and I felt highly honored by the recognition and Craw was especially pleased as I told him we were indebted to his uniform for the smile. The president had a tender spot in his remarkably tender heart for any one wearing the United States uniform.

Handshaking Sells Gloves.

"I attended a number of levees given by the president at the White House. At these functions the president was stationed just inside a door from the hall into the blue room, through which all the people present passed and where the president shook each one by the hand and said 'Good evening!' in a very sober manner. So far as I discerned on these occasions he wore white gloves which became dark-colored before the evening was over.

"When Gen. Grant came east to assume command of all the armies with headquarters in the Army of the Potomac, President Lincoln in honor of the occasion gave a levee which I attended and where I had the honor and pleasure of shaking hands with Gen. Grant as well as the president. Never before or since was I in such a mass of human beings as filled the White House east room, at the east end of which stood on a sofa Gen. Grant with his hands crossed, shaking the hands of two persons at a time, while the handshakers struggled against being forced onto the sofa by the surging mass in the rear.

Read the Bible.

"On another occasion I saw the president sitting in the second story of the White House at a window fronting Pennsylvania-av. An open book on his kneel assumed was a copy of the Bible, the day being Sunday, and his son, Tad, standing by his side, evidently was reading with his father.

"I saw the president several times in the box at Ford's theater, Washington, where later he was so cruelly assassinated by the misguided Wilkes Booth.

"As I remember, the president on these occasions had a sad, sympathetic and tired expression which is not to be wondered at when one comes to realize the great burden

FISHER, PROF. IRVING

I Walked and Talked

An Amazing Human Document — A World-Famous Economist Relates an Adventure in the Realm of the Unknown

by Professor IRVING FISHER
OF THE DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY, YALE UNIVERSITY

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IRVING FISHER

THERE are few persons still living who can boast of having seen Lincoln personally, for he died in 1865.

Before the great crisis found him out, he lived, an obscure lawyer, in Springfield, Illinois. His house there now shares his fame. Thousands of pilgrims go to it yearly as to a shrine.

Once a resident of Springfield was passing by it at dusk, reading his evening paper—at some cost to his eyes. The date was, I think, about 1925, and the resident was deeply absorbed in the news of the day—perhaps he was studying the stock-market quotations—when suddenly a tall figure of a man swung around the corner and nearly collided with him. The resident looked up; he stared. For Lincoln stood before him. There could be no doubt about it!

In another moment the strange yet familiar figure strode hurriedly into the old house.

Sorely puzzled and just a bit anxious about his mental health, the resident walked slowly home and silently brooded all the evening, fearing to confess even to his wife what might be an hallucination. At breakfast she looked up from the morning paper and said, "I see that one of those Lincoln impersonators is in town. The paper says that last night he visited the old house to seek inspiration there for his next performance."

The very day that I heard this story, which, subconsciously I suppose, made me wish I also could "see Lincoln," I was one of a group of visitors at Lincoln's tomb. This too is in Springfield. The weather that day was decidedly chilly; but I instinctively took off my hat. We had the services of a guide, but his professional patter scarcely penetrated to my mind; and when he asked me to "say a few words" myself to those tourists, I shook my head. Even had I been willing, I could not have complied because of the lump in my throat.

The supposedly "great men" of history seldom impress me deeply. I have known personally five American Presidents and I still admire them all; but I see no halo on the brow of any one of them, living or dead. Even our early patriots, such as Hamilton, Jefferson, Jackson, seem colorless by comparison with Lincoln.

One midsummer night in 1935 I had an experience much more personal, serious, and precious than the merely amusing one of the Springfield citizen.

I remember each detail of the place. First I was chatting with friends on the roof of a Union League clubhouse in Philadelphia. Among them was my brother-in-law, Nathaniel T. Bacon. Downstairs there was to be a lecture, which most of us were to attend. But so balmy was the air and so pleasant the talk that we delayed too long. When at last we looked down, we saw the street crowded—there would be no getting in by the front door.

However, there was a narrow back stairway leading from the roof to the lecture hall, and we tried it. But after descending to the passage that led into the lecture room, we found the door blocked. Repairs had been going on, and temporarily a statue of Lincoln had been placed in the very entrance through which we had to pass. The statue represented him in a half-reclining posture.

Some one shouted, "Move Lincoln!" which we proceeded to do, moving him quite into the lecture hall. Then we slipped by and took our seats.

And now, once more, it was Lincoln who filled all my thoughts. What the lecture was about I cannot remember. After it was over and while attendants were carrying out folding chairs, the audience broke up into groups, many of which lingered for friendly talk. Among these were Nat Bacon and myself.

We were standing near "Lincoln." On looking down at the homely, wonderful face, to my amazement my attention was attracted by a slight movement in one of his legs. Never in my life have I seen anything more plainly.

"Nat, did you see that?" I said.

"I most certainly did," he replied.

Then we both watched intently. Neither of us could entertain a suspicion that there was any illusion, hallucination, or impersonation. Lincoln's head moved and his eyes opened. Then, very slowly and quietly, he rose to his feet and began to walk.

Nat Bacon stepped forward promptly and seized one arm of the now erect figure, and on the other side I offered mine. Lincoln took both, as if this were a daily practice. We proceeded to walk back and forth.

The room was silent. Everybody had noticed, and all stared, petrified. They kept their distance, however, from what seemed to them so uncanny an apparition.

Then Lincoln spoke. He looked at neither of us. He spoke as if resuming some old conversation.

"You see," he said, "I tried, in that speech, to make them understand that we were not really enemies. I wanted them to share with all of us the feeling that, on both sides, there should be malice toward none and charity toward all. Both sides had striven to do right as God had given them to see the right. I voiced the hope, which I myself deeply felt, that now at last there would be peace—a peace so deeply rooted that the scourge of war would vanish from the earth."

I do not remember all that Lincoln said, but I do remember the deeply satisfying sense of comradeship with him. He had not turned his head. He had not looked at either of us. Yet we both felt the warmth of his presence and of his affection—for us and for the world of men.

And so, at last, I was fulfilling my wish to see Lincoln. The sense of reality was unqualified. I was walking, feeling, thinking with Lincoln. And I cannot remember any end to that walk. I had a feeling that I would walk with him on and on forever.

The next morning, as I was waking, my first remembrance was of that wonderful experience. My eyes moistened at the memory of it. I longed to tell the world. Of course the world would be skeptical. "But there were scores of witnesses," I said to myself. But, unfortunately, I had neglected to take their names.

"Anyhow," I thought, "Nat Bacon was there—he will confirm my story." I was only half awake when suddenly I remembered that Nat had been dead several years.

Such miracles could happen only in dreams! I opened my sleepy eyes. Where was I?

Then I remembered. This was New Hampshire—Nashua—a surgical ward—the morning after I had undergone a slight bit of surgery. The anaesthetic had been local, but the night's sleep had perhaps been colored by it.

But had it all been a dream? Many of my ordinary dreams I recognize as dreams before I even wake up. And nearly all of them I forget a few minutes after wak-

Fisher, Joseph

Mr Warren

THE MUNCIE EVENING PRE

LINCOLN FRIEND DIES NEAR CITY

Joseph Fisher, 82, Among Indiana Pioneers.

Joseph Fisher, 82, died Friday at 7:45 a. m at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Cecil Hanna, three miles south of Muncie on the Cowan Road, after an illness of several months. Mr Fisher was retired at the time of his death. He had been an employe of the Ball Brothers' Company.

He was born near Philadelphia, O., in 1852 and came to Daviess County, Indiana in a covered wagon in 1863 with his parents. He was an acquaintance of President Lincoln and was an invited guest at the Lincoln Lore Memorial in Fort Wayne in 1932. He has been a resident of Muncie for the last 27 years.

Funeral Not Arranged.

Mr. Fisher is survived by three sons, William T. Fisher, of Los Angeles; Arthur Fisher, of Muncie, and Otis Fisher, of Toledo; four daughters, Mrs. Cecil Hanna, Muncie, R. R. 6; Mrs. Ernest Mosier, of Muncie; Mrs J. C. Farrell, Muncie, and Mrs. Marie Mae Morris, also of this city; 26 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren.

The body was removed to the Meeks mortuary where funeral arrangements will be made and announced later.

LANDMARK NATIONAL AND COMM

MUNCIE, Ind. R 9/4

FISHER, WILLIAM

Reminiscences

Buffalo - Funeral

Buffalo Times, Mon. Feb. 12, 1952

By ANTON W. WURZER
Times Staff Writer

A fading line of blue is all that remains of the mighty army of the Potomac that followed Grant and McClellan.

Only a scattering is left of the mighty grey legions of Lee and Beauregard.

It has been 67 years since Gettysburg.

But the fife and drum grow louder today—the birthday anniversary of Abraham Lincoln.

Buffalo, as every other American city, has joined the nation in paying homage to the "rail-splitter," the great "Emancipator," who freed the slaves.

Personality Triumphs

Born in a little log cabin in the Kentucky wilds near Hodgenville on Feb. 12, 1809, the dynamic personality of the man lifted him far above his environment to become the 16th president of the United States.

Twice, Buffalo had the honor of seeing him. Once in life. Once in death, as he lay in state in the old St. James convention hall in Eagle street near Washington.

On the first occasion, Feb. 16, 1861, the city was in gala dress. The liberator arrived here to be the guest of Millard Fillmore, then acting mayor.

At that time patriotism was at fever pitch. War clouds rolled over North and South and the reassuring sight of the tall, gaunt, raw-boned rail-splitter renewed the faith and courage of his Northern charges.

On that second occasion, April 27, 1865, little more than four years later, Buffalo was clad in black as the body of Lincoln arrived, to lie in state here.

It was a few days before this time that there happened an episode which for a time appeared as a smudge on the annals of American history.

Fillmore, in the words of Frank H. Severance, the historian, had not always been in accord with some of the principles of the Northern cause during the Civil war.

Smear Fillmore Home

At the time of Lincoln's death his home on Delaware avenue, now the site of Hotel Statler, was not immediately draped in black as a token of mourning.

"His house," Severance writes in his Fillmore papers, "as a result was smeared with black by miscreants.

"This, however, was due to a misunderstanding and the apparent willingness of rowdies to stir up trouble.

"The explanation was that Mrs. Fillmore, at the time, happened to be ill and Fillmore had not taken notice of the fact that Buffalo was draped in black as a token of mourning."

Controversy Ended

This controversy, incidentally, ended harmoniously a few days later when Fillmore's name headed the list of a citizens' committee to meet the Lincoln funeral train.

There is at least one man in Buffalo who remembers when the Lincoln funeral train arrived here and the body of the martyred President lay in state in St. James hall.

He is William Fisher, former superintendent of the City hall.

He was but a boy when, with his father and brother, he stood near the Fisher home at Martins Corners as the train slowly approached.

The Fishers doffed their hats as the train, somber in its drapes of black and white, steamed slowly towards Buffalo.

Later they walked from Martins Corners to Buffalo to view the body and once more doffed their hats and bowed their heads.

Loved Flowers

That Lincoln was a great lover of flowers and wild-life is revealed by Mrs. Albert Mundt, of 256 Grape street, whose cousin, John G. Weilein, a resident of Buffalo during the years 1852 to 1855, spent two years as a gardener with the Lincoln family in Springfield, Ill.

Weilein's duties, Mrs. Mundt said, included all work from taking special care of Mrs. Lincoln's pet rose bush, to helping Abe split rails.

He was among the first 75,000 to volunteer for service in the Civil war, and was wounded in action at Wilson Creek, Mo., in 1861.

Buffalo, as in other years, celebrated the anniversary of Lincoln's birth, as a legal holiday. Schools, banks, financial markets, courts and various government offices are closed.

Observances in Clubs

Lincoln day observances will also be staged in various clubs throughout Buffalo today.

Cordova caravan, Order of the Alhambra, held its annual Lincoln day luncheon in Hotel Lafayette at noon. George H. Kennedy will speak. Honor guests include Mayor Charles E. Roesch, Council President Henry F. Jerge and other city officials.

Dr. Clarence E. Macartney, of Pittsburgh, will speak at a similar dinner celebration in the Buffalo Athletic club at 7 p. m. The event has been part of the club's tradition for the past 25 years.

A Lincoln day party will be held by the Ladies' Aid society of the Working Boys' home, at the clubhouse, 246 Jersey street, at 8 p. m

At 6:30 p. m. Richard Wanamaker, of 5 Beverly road, will be guest speaker on a radio program over station WEBR under the auspices of the national Americanization committee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Civil War veterans will hold a dinner tomorrow at 2:30 p. m. in G. A. R. hall, Elmwood avenue and Virginia street, under the auspices of Chaplain P. G. Cook camp 233, Sons of Union Veterans of the Civil War. The Rev. Frank Hyatt Smith, of Williamsville, will speak.

Kenmore Club Has Lincoln Program

A Lincoln day program, a special film showing, and a report on civic and religious legislation were features of the monthly meeting of the Catholic Social and Study club of St. Paul's church, Kenmore, in the school auditorium last night.

"The Sacrifice of the Mass" was the title of the film exhibited with an accompanying lecture by the Rev. Charles Reynolds of Rochester, N. Y. Charles Kerney, club treasurer, gave the report on legislation, and Luther D. Aydelotte impersonated the Emancipator in the Lincoln program, John F. Costello presided.

FITCH, THOMAS

L.-D. Debates - Freeport, Ill.
reported

Silver Tongue Orator Of West, Campaigner For Lincoln Is Dead

By the Associated Press

OAKLAND, Nov. 12.—Thomas Fitch, known as the "silver tongued orator" of the West in the sixties and seventies, died at the Masonic home, near Decoto, Alameda county. He was 85 years old and had served as newspaper man, lawyer and for one term as member of Congress from Nevada during the Comstock days.

He reported the debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas at Freeport, Illinois, for the Milwaukee Sentinel. In 1860 he came to California for the Republican national committee and delivered 61 speeches in this state that year for Lincoln.

1923

Flaisig, Col.N. W.

Washington

RECALLS DAYS OF CIVIL WAR

Lincoln's Birthday Brings Back Memories

FEB 13 1928

Old Soldier Relates Incidents of Trying Times

Tells of Personal Meetings With Emancipator

ALHAMBRA, Feb. 12.—Cherished memories of Abraham Lincoln are recalled on the Great Emancipator's birthday anniversary by Col. N. W. Flaisig of this city, who was 70 years old December 31, last, and who was a Union soldier during the Civil War.

Lincoln was a guest several times at the home of Col. Flaisig's father in Findlay, O., and the Alhambran has "intimate recollections of...the then young lawyer. An incident that occurred when Col. Flaisig was fighting for the North later served to impress him with Lincoln's kindness of heart.

Flaisig had been captured by the Confederates and sent to Libby prison. In an exchange of prisoners he was sent north and as he had contracted illness while in Libby prison he was placed in a government hospital in Annapolis. Lincoln learned of his whereabouts and had him removed to Washington.

A little later he was ordered to appear before the President. When he stood before Lincoln the latter told him that during his imprisonment his parents had received no word of him and believed him dead. "You start for home at once," the President told Flaisig.

"But I am an enlisted man, Mr. Lincoln," replied Flaisig.

"I am arranging a leave of absence for you," the President explained.

When Flaisig told Lincoln that he had no money and was unable to make the trip, "I will arrange transportation for you and here is some money which you may repay when-ever you have sufficient funds, or you may never return it, as you wish," was the President's rejoinder, as he reached in his pocket and handed Flaisig $50.

Brother against brother in the Civil War was a real drama in Col. Flaisig's career. His brother, E. N. Flaisig, also rose to the rank of colonel but on the southern side. One night the northern colonel and his command were cut off from their main body of troops. The first intimation that his own brother was in command of the forces preparing to attack him was contained in this message:

"Accept the compliments of Col. E. N. Flaisig, who says that if you will surrender immediately he will grant the parole of your officers and men, officers permitted to retain their firearms."

To this Col. N. W. Flaisig replied:

"Col. E. N. Flaisig will please accept the compliments of his brother, Bill, who says that if you take these forces it will be after the damndest fight you ever had."

A desperate battle ensued in which the northern colonel was victorious.

Col. Flaisig at the time of his retirement a few years ago held the record of longest service as a traveling salesman that is on record. He worked for the English firm of William Crowley Sons, manufacturers of needles, buttons and small wares, for sixty years and circled the globe seven times. He has visited nearly every country in the world, and at 80 years of age was still selling on the trade.

Col. and Mrs. Flaisig have lived in Alhambra, at 712 North Bushnell avenue, for seventeen years.

Flammer, Charles

New York City

FEBRUARY 13, 1936. N. Y. Times

Ex-Judge Who Saw Lincoln Here Recalls Gay and Turbulent City

Old Court Records Jog Memory of C. A. Flammer on Speeding Cyclists, Bowery Rows and Bold Mashers of Hansom Era.

By MEYER BERGER.

Old Judge Charles A. Flammer sat within a golden pool of light in the cavernous, dark-paneled parlor of his home at 309 West 105th Street as darkness fell last night and looked back on New York of ninety years ago.

It was a strange circumstance that led to his mellow reminiscence. Early in the day, in Yorkville Court, where the labors were light because it was Lincoln's Birthday, Clerk Robert Sciurba had gone exploring the court attic.

The court house was built when Lincoln was President, in 1863. In recent years no one has climbed the iron ladder to the garret, but Mr. Sciurba felt in the mood yesterday and he encountered yellowed court records.

They reflected a perfect picture of the Eighties and Nineties, of the days when bewhiskered citizens wrote letters to the newspapers about mad cyclists and their unholy mania for speed; when horse-car drivers were haled to court for indulging the same mania.

Old Days Not So Different.

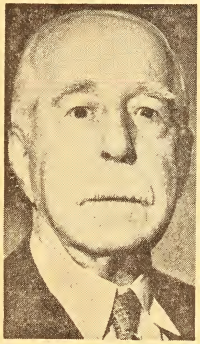
It was long before the era of Dutch Schultz and others of his kind, but the Yorkville court had a lot of Louisiana Lottery cases instead of the current policy-slip cases.

And there was the eternal masher, one James Cunningham who received the reprimand of Judge Flammer along with a suspended sentence for "chirping at ladies" in East Fifteenth Street.

James Campbell was fined $2 for parking his horse and wagon while peddling fish. Five dice players were fined $1 each for playing in West Forty-fifth Street. The game, incidentally, is still played there, but in luxurious hotel suites.

Alfred Smith, scorching along Western Boulevard (now Central Park's West Drive) was complainant against James Hammon, who ran him down while driving a horse and buggy "in a reckless and careless manner."

Judge Flammer was sure last night that the Smith who came before him was not the Smith known today as the Happy Warrior, though the former Governor was a bicycle addict in his youth.



Times Wide World Photo.

Charles A. Flammer.

Plug Uglies lived in the neighborhood.

A ghost of a smile creased the judge's mustached face as he told of the old-time watchmen in New York. He and other little boys used to torment them with the singsong chant:

"O Dear Watchman, don't touch me.

"Take the fella behind the tree."

And the judge spoke about the infamous Old Brewery, gloomy rendezvous of the worst of the Bowery population. When the building was torn down in 1853 young Flammer and his companions saw the laborers dig more than a score of murder victims from the filthy, rat-infested ruins.

The great parade in honor of Louis Kossuth, Hungarian patriot, is still clear in the judge's memory. It was a great event in the city in 1851, he said. Another outstanding incident was the burning of Crystal Palace.

"I think," said the judge, half-closing his bushy-browed eyes, "it was in October, in 1853. In those days all fire companies were volunteer companies. Men kept watch from the City Hall tower, by night and by day, for sign of smoke or fire."

The judge was playing in Mott Street when, against a clear October sky, a great column of smoke arose. The Palace was miles away,

over

Those Gay Blade Speeders!

He could remember only dimly that he had fined Fred McManus and his brother Joseph $2 each for riding their tandem bike at fourteen miles an hour on West Seventy-second Street, when the speed limit was eight miles an hour.

Gay blades who liked to show off with their trotters were the judge's pet abomination. He grinned happily when shown, from the musty record, that he had fined Tom Flanigan $5 for burning up the road at twelve miles an hour with horse and buggy.

Drunks got short shrift, too—$2 and $3 fines; hansom drivers who forgot their licenses were fined $5, and for driving without tail lanterns, $1. Wife-beating, which seemed a more popular sport in the Nineties, usually got the offender a tongue-lashing.

Then there was Henry Conron, practical joker of the period, who tossed pieces of ice through a window to cool passengers waiting for steam trains in Grand Central Station. The judge, after a laugh, let him off.

"I don't think, speaking by and large," said the judge, fingering his old gold magistrate's badge, given to him by Mayor Havemeyer in 1873, "that the character of the cases has changed much—even the city, outside the tall buildings, is not much different."

When Lincoln Rode Past.

Deep-throated and mellow, the ancient grandfather's clock at the head of the wide, polished staircase rang 6 o'clock. The white-haired judge, ruddy in the lamp glow, stared out at the darkening street.

"This is Lincoln's Birthday," he said. "I remember, when I was in my teens, standing at the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, to watch Abraham Lincoln go by in his carriage. He was alone, as I recall it—just as you see him in the pictures; tall, ungainly, wearing his tall plug hat."

Judge Flammer could not remember the date when he saw the Emancipator, nor even what had brought him to the city. You forget a lot of things, he explained, when you are 91, because there is so much to look back upon.

The judge was born of parents of German extraction. His father, a butcher, had come from Stuttgart and had settled on the East Side. The judge was born June 28, 1845, in Broome Street, near Varick. Two years later the family moved to Mott Street.

There was no Chinese quarter then. That started a few years later, when a showboat filled with Chinese artisans burned in the harbor and stranded the Chinese in the city. The dread Bowery B'hoys, the Dead Rabbit Gang and the at the spot now occupied by Bryant Park, but there were no skyscrapers to limit the view from the lower city.

"I ran all the way with the wind strong on my face," the judge recalled, "but it was a sight worth seeing. The volunteers came panting from all over town."

A Substitute for Fires.

Incidentally, he remembered, the volunteers found a way to exercise when there were no fires. The brawny Irish crew of Steamer One and the belligerent huskies of Engine Eight (all hand-worked apparatus) would come tearing into Chatham Square, a noble sight for a boy's eyes.

"One would come clattering over the cobblestones down Bowery and the other down East Broadway." The judge grinned. "And when they got to mixing it they'd tear up the paving blocks and smash skulls like eggshells."

And the judge spoke of more sober things—how he entered the New York Free Academy (now City College) and was graduated in '64, while the Civil War was at its height. He is the oldest living alumnus of the college.

He remembers when he participated in quelling the riot between the Orangemen and the opposing Irish faction, a sanguinary brawl on Eighth Avenue, in which one member of his regiment, the Old Ninth, was killed.

When he served in the Legislature with Samuel J. Tilden and David B. Hill he obtained a pension for the widow of Sam Wyeth, the martyr of the riot.

Draft Riots a Dark Memory.

"And speaking of riots," he recalled. "No one, though he lived forever, could forget the Draft Riots of 1863, precipitated by the eye-gouging, shin-shattering Bowery B'hoys, Dead Rabbits and Chichesters. Hell-Cat Maggie, a fierce virago, led the Rabbits."

The Chichesters took their name from Chichester's tobacco shop on Bowery near Bayard, where cinnamon-flavored cigars were sold at 3 cents each. There was a 3-cent coin in those days, a 6-cent silver bit and silver shillings.

Judge Flammer was justice and magistrate for twenty years under Mayor Havemeyer and Mayor Strong. He was nominated for Congress in 1890, but was defeated. He could not remember his opponent's name.

He was put up for District Attorney, too, but withdrew in favor of William Travers Jerome. He has been a member of the Bar Association since 1872 and still maintains offices at 36 West Forty-fourth Street. He seldom goes to the office now; does most of his work at home, chiefly executorships.

He and his third wife live in the great house off Riverside Drive with two servants. He climbs the old stairs, despite his age, reads standard or classic books in his library and smokes three cigars a day. He often walks on the Drive. He has six children, a son and five daughters, all married.

The judge stood up when he had done with talking of old New York, withdrew from the pool of lamplight that gilded the carpeted floor and, in the semi-darkness in the great living room beyond, played softly on the grand piano.

"It's very old," he said, as the simple melody filled the room. "It's called 'Sing On, Sweet Bird, Sing On.' I don't remember who wrote it."

But that was not hard to understand. So much can happen in ninety-one years.

Stranger Than Fiction

WORKS 71 YEARS FOR ONE FAMILY

By William Pickett Helm

"MAMMY" FLETCHER, 93, is a real old-fashioned colored mammy who has been working for one family for seventy-one years. Although still spry and springhtly, she has recently been retired to a life of ease by her "white children," the youngest of whom is past 60 years of age. She lives in aneat house in a residence section of her own race, has a maid to look after her wants and a liberal allowance of money. Every week, her "children" come to see her—three men in high positions in Washington. They call her "Mammy."

Malvina Fletcher spent her seventy-one years of service in the Blair mansion, directly across Pennsylvania avenue from the State, War and Navy Building in Washington. She came there in 1852, when she was 21 years old, as nurse to the oldest son of Montgomery Blair, who became Postmaster-General in President Lincoln's Cabinet. His home was frequented by the prominent men of the Civil War period.

It was in one of the front rooms of that house that General Scott, acting for President Lincoln, offered the supreme command of the Union Armies to Robert E. Lee. "Mammy" Fletcher still describes with emotion the agony on the faces of both these men as they came out of the room at the end of the conference. One of her favorite memories of that time, however, is of Abrahain Lincoln sitting in that same room with his feet on the mantelpiece.

The three men whom "Mammy" Fletcher calls her "children" are Woodbury Blair, Gist Blair and Montgomery Blair, all of Washington. A fourth "child," now dead, was Mrs. Minna Blair Richey, with whom she lived after the death of the elder Montgomery Blair and his wife.

"Mammy" Fletcher was never married—always "too busy," she says. She goes to the colored Methodist Church twice every Sunday and takes a long walk every day. Once in a while she makes a trip to the old Blair Mansion just to make sure that things are all right with "Mister Gist" and his family.

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Detroit Man Recalls Murder of Lincoln

DETROIT FREE PRESS - 4-13-31

Robert S. Fletcher Was Then Playmate of Favorite Son of President.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A colored cook's cries awakened Robert S. Fletcher out of a sound sleep 66 years ago the coming Wednesday morning.

The hour was 5:30. She was pounding on the door of his father's bedroom, next to his, and moaning and shrieking at the same time.

Mammy Was Excited.

"Mistah Fletcher! Mistah Fletcher. Mistah Lincoln's been shot. They cut Mistah Seward's throat. Mistah Stanton's been lynched——"

"Eh? What's that?" 17-year-old Robert could hear a sleepy voice from inside the room. The door opened.

"Mistah Lincoln's been shot. They has cut . . ."

Robert sprang out of bed. The White House was two blocks away. "Go over and find out if this is true, Robert! Then go to Mr. Seward's."

The boy ran out into a street of hurrying half-dressed men, fearful the whisper that had come to them was true. The cook only had been passing on the prevailing rumor—"Mr. Lincoln and all his cabinet had been shot."

Robert bumped and jostled his way the two blocks, running over men and being run over by others.

Populace Frightened.

Already, a frightened Washington was packed about the portico. Others had been and gone, having learned that Mr. Lincoln had been shot and then having run for Seward's and Stanton's and the vice-president's hotel and the homes of other cabinet members to see if the rest of the story was true.

It was dark. A thin mist grew into a drizzle. On the portico, alone, a boy sobbed—Tad Lincoln. Fletcher edged through the encircling crowd and took the boy in his arms.

"Bob," the boy guiped, "how could they shoot my papa?"

Night lifted, but the dawn was dulled by the drizzle.

A horseman came through the mist. The crowd made way for him. He pulled up in front of Fletcher and Lincoln's son.

"The president," he said, "died at 7:30 o'clock."

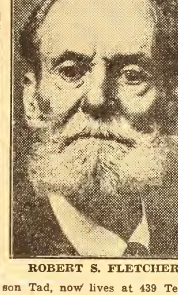
Fletcher stepped through the door with his playmate into the White House, and then left. He ran across to the east end of Lafayette square, where Secretary of State Seward was occupying the old home of the Washington club.

The man at the door recognized him. Mr. Seward, he could tell his father, was all right, although his son, Fred, was insensible. He had been blackjacked by his father's assailants and was unconscious in an upstairs bedroom.

Fletcher turned and ran for home.

Tad Lincoln's Playmate.

Fletcher, playmate of Lincoln's



ROBERT S. FLETCHER.

son Tad, now lives at 439 Temple avenue.

In those storied 60's, when he returned from school in New York to his home in Washington, the family got him a place in the consular service. He didn't last long, however. He found Tad Lincoln and the rest of the gang, composed of the boisterous offspring of cabinet officers, too much fun. He spent more time playing around the White House than he did in copying dispatches.

The consular head finally had to say to the senior Fletcher:

"You'll have to take Bob. He's no good to me."

The youthful gang, through Mr. Lincoln's beloved Tad, twisted the president around its grubby fingers. Willie Lincoln died in 1863; Robert, the elder, was in the war; the president concentrated his affection on Tad, and whatever Tad said went.

Only once, Fletcher remembers, did he see the emancipator put out. Tad wanted to open a small store on the White House lawn, and Mr. Lincoln agreed. He charged the boys a cent or two cents for the various nondescript articles he found about the White House and put up for sale. Mr. Lincoln caught him at it one day and was on the point of dismantling the whole establishment.

"Very well," he finally said. "You can continue it, but you must charge pins. You cannot take money."

Another time a friend of the gang wanted to erect a studio under one of the White House windows and do a vignette of the president. Tad was asked to see what he could do with his father, and assent was immediately forthcoming.

Boys Rig Up Theater.

Then they had a youthful group which gave shows. Their unsatisfactory theater was the stable of Attorney-General Speed, whose son, "Brick," was one of the troupe. The son of Postmaster-General Dennison was so good looking they made him play all the girl parts.

"Tad," the gang said, "there's that room in the White House northwest corner that your mother doesn't like. Do you suppose you could get your father to give us that for a theater?"

And Tad—"He was cross-eyed and freckled, and the ugliest boy I ever saw, but he could ask the president for anything and get it," Fletcher reminisced—was back some hours later to say that the president had agreed.

Mrs. Lincoln didn't like that particular room, anyway. It was warmer and the sun was brighter on the other side of the house. The president, Tad reported, had sent for Leonard Grover.

Grover, one of the oldest and best known actors and managers of the day, had the National theater at the time. Mr. Lincoln summoned him to the White House and gave him carte blanche to fit up the desired room with stage, scenery and footlights.

Mr. Fletcher says he doesn't know what happened, but after a time the White House theater was dismantled before a single play was given there.

"I guess we practiced too much and gave too few plays," he said.

Famous Men Gathered There.

The Fletcher home was famous. About the table, at one time or other, sat Blaine and Washburn, of Maine; Morrill, of Vermont; Dawes Elliott and Banks, of Massachusetts; Chandler and Burroughs, of Michigan; Seward, of New York; Orr, of South Carolina, and many other noted ones.

The senior Fletcher coached William H. Seward for the presidency when he ran against Lincoln. The junior Fletcher himself sat on Daniel Webster's knee. He went to Henry Clay's funeral. His uncle, Admiral Charles H. Poor, was in charge of the frigate which brought the first Japanese mission to the United States in 1860. He belonged to the Young Rifles, who marched so boldly behind President James Buchanan's coach as he and young Edward, then Prince of Wales, rode up Pennsylvania avenue the same year. He saw Grant's and Sherman's armies in review in 1865.

One of his sisters was the wife of Lieutenant-Commander Edes, who was blown up at Newport News in the premature explosion of a torpedo in 1870, and another sister was the wife of Colonel John F. Cassels, one-time director of the Pennsylvania railroad. His cousin Richard was chief of Breckenridge's staff, and Richard's father, Charles H. Poor, was an admiral in the United States navy. Young Fletcher himself was named for Robert C. Schenck, of Ohio, former minister to Brazil and the court of St. James, who is said to have taught the late King Edward poker.

Boys Made Pocket Money.

When young Fletcher was about 11, he and some dozen other boys went after school across lots to the capitol, where they were employed to fold congressional records and speeches in the basement of the capitol. The folding room was in the crypt originally intended as a burial place for presidents, but used instead for storerooms, as a hiding place for the boys in the games of "hi-spy" and to scare newcomers by losing them in the dark crooks and turns of the subterranean hideout.

"When Mr. Lincoln took office, things were chaotic in Washington," relates Mr. Fletcher. "No one knew with any certainty what would transpire, and even when Sumter was fired upon and war was

declared and Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers for 90 days, the war was considered a bluff and a joke on the part of the south which would be called on the first battle-field.

"That first battle-field was Bull Run. Everyone who could get there went out to see that scrap. It took place on a Sunday. The firing could be plainly heard in the city and every church was requisitioned in anticipation of the wounded who might be brought in after the battle. The only hospital in the city, called the Judiciary Square, was already filled with wounded from the firing on the Sixth Massachusetts as it came through Baltimore, so it could not be used and the churches were pressed into service. By Monday morning wounded men filled it to overflowing. The Bull Run 'picnic' became a terrible disaster."

If the people of the United States would commit to memory and exemplify in their daily life the paragraph from Lincoln's second inaugural address which begins, "With malice toward none, with charity for all," this country, said Mr. Fletcher, "would come much nearer giving an example of the moral dignity of its national manhood than is evident today, and earn for us the lasting respect of all foreign peoples."

FA-FL Drawer Reminiscences

~~Authorities Cited~~
antagonistic to
~~Horace Binney's~~
~~Conclusions~~
~~by Tatlow Jackson~~